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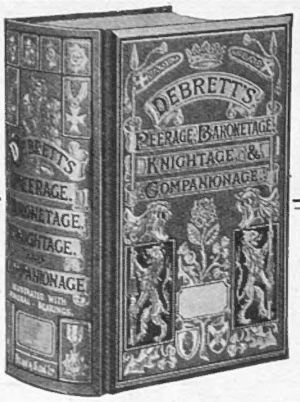

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The Sketch

No. 2137.—Vol. CLXV. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

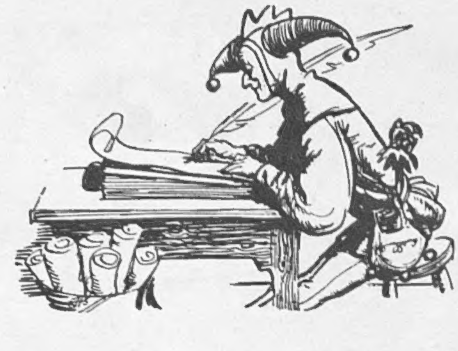
1934 MOTHER AND DAUGHTER AS "GAY 'NINETIES" TWINS.

MRS. THOMAS HUTCHISON and her daughter, VIRGINIA, have "twin" dresses of the "Naughty 'Nineties" period. The mother wore hers at Mrs. Claude Leigh's recent party, and the little girl is to appear in hers at the "Peter Pan Party" to-morrow, January 11.

PORTRAIT-STUDY BY MARCUS ADAMS, THE CHILDREN'S STUDIO, 43, DOVER STREET.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.



RECOVERY.

THERE is a great deal of chat nowadays about National Recovery, and there are a great many different programmes for it, all of them either infallible or suicidal, according to the school of economic thought to which one happens to belong. Insufficient attention, however, has been paid to the equally pressing question of Individual Recovery. Take your own case—do *you* feel that you have entirely recovered? I am not, at the moment, referring to the World Crisis or the European Situation, but to the Festive Season. Are you yet the same man or woman that you were, say, on December 24, 1933? Would you claim, in economic terminology, that your confidence is restored? It is true that Christmas is long past, and even the New Year is now well under way; but I permit myself to wonder whether the hang-over has quite ceased hanging over? Certain factors, possibly, have militated against rapid recovery in the full Rooseveltian sense; for example, you may be a Scot, with a highly developed sense of the importance of New Year (and then there was St. Andrew's Day not so very long before Christmas, was there not?). It may well be that certain aspects of the dawning year have set you back—for instance, you may have caught a slightly jaundiced view from that bilious-looking notepaper of which H.M. Collector of Taxes is so fond. Or perhaps, just when you were getting on nicely, a New Year's greeting from your tailor or dressmaker caused a serious relapse. Then what about that slice of cake on Christmas afternoon, on top of the midday plum-pudding? Your system may still be wrestling with that, for the effects are very lingering, though, granted a strong constitution, not invariably fatal.

If you are showing any of these symptoms, it is clear (so I learn from the Medical Correspondent of one of our leading dailies) that you are suffering from "tired dyspepsia." This is a nasty complaint, which reaches the proportions of an epidemic in December and January. "It is a condition that frequently follows a long spell of sedentary and mental effort, especially by persons more accustomed to a physically active life." (Obviously there is a peculiar danger of its arising from the "long spell of sedentary and mental effort" involved in being the life and soul of the party on Christmas Day, not to mention the strain of becoming, once for all, a Changed Man on January 1.) "It is not infrequently the sequel of a series of official or other entertainments, including heavy meals, late hours, and possibly unwanted refreshments taken for the sake of politeness." Extraordinary! There is no doubt that modern medical science reaches an almost uncanny degree of insight. What layman, working by the mere light of nature, would ever have guessed that heavy meals, late hours, and excessive refreshments would bring on a condition of "tired dyspepsia"? It serves people right for taking refreshments "for the sake of politeness," instead of taking them for the sake of being refreshed, which is the only proper motive for taking refreshments. Of course, a good deal depends on the refreshments, and if they happen to be, as only too often, the family grocer's Special Offer of Christmas Port, then tired dyspepsia is not only an inevitable but a just retribution, which, so far as I am concerned, will never have a particle of sympathy.

The pathological aspects of this distressing complaint are of great interest to the inquiring mind. "Primarily it is due to a certain degree of nervous exhaustion reflected in a loss of tone in the muscular equipment of the alimentary canal and a consequent derangement of the normal secretion of the various digestive juices." When you see the matter put like that, you realise how crude and how inaccurate it is to describe the post-festive condition as "indigestion due to overeating," or anything of that sort. It throws a flood of light on the unschooled mind to learn that what one had been accustomed to think of as tummy-ache is really "a loss of tone in the muscular equipment of the alimentary canal."

Helpful though this knowledge is, the practical question remains—how regain lost tone? How whip up the alimentary canal to its customary muscularity? The answer is one, I fear, which will rob the year's greatest festival of many of its attractions. An entire week-end must be devoted to penance—or, as this austere medical authority puts it, "must be firmly dedicated to the purpose." Saturday must be spent in bed, with no sustenance except a cup of tea in the morning and afternoon. However, lest the flesh should be too cruelly mortified, there should be "plenty of barley-water, home-made lemonade or orangeade at hand to drink." On Sunday, half of which is to be spent in bed, things begin to brighten; the penitent, now (let us hope) well chastened, is allowed "a seidlitz powder before a light breakfast of tea and toast, and possibly a single boiled egg." Things steadily improve as the day goes on, for there are fish and fruit for luncheon, and bread and milk for supper. On Monday normal diet may be resumed, but the day is to be devoted to "light exercise." The patient's cup is filled (if the contradiction may be pardoned) by total abstinence throughout the period, and "smoking should be strictly rationed."

You may ask, and not without reason, are Christmas and New Year worth it? Well, I don't know whether it is of any interest to you, but it is distinctly stated that "anything in the shape of work should be banished for the three days." That may be some slight compensation?

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By this time our readers are familiar with our SILVER PRINTS. With every fresh issue of a new portrait in this series of our film favourites PRINTED BY AN ENTIRELY NEW METHOD, the enthusiasm grows. The extraordinary effect obtained by the use of SILVER INK has been hailed as fascinating. We began the series with a picture of Miss Jean Harlow in BLUE AND SILVER, and followed with others of the Misses Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford. On Dec. 27 we began a new series in BLACK AND SILVER with a portrait of Miss Norma Shearer. Last week we continued with one of Miss Constance Bennett. This week we give a study of MISS CLAUDETTE COLBERT; and we shall publish a portrait of MISS RUTH CHATTERTON next week. We advise all readers interested in this novel and attractive form of portraiture to place their orders with their newsagents without delay to ensure that they shall not miss any one of this series of Presentation Plates.

IF FIGURES REALLY COME BACK!

The return of the waist is threatened by the experts. Our artist suggests how modern technical science can be applied to tight-lacing.

DRAWN BY MACBEA.

"AHOY, ME LADS!" CELEBRITIES OF THE SEVEN SEAS.

THE SEVEN SEAS CLUB held their eleventh annual dinner the other night. Three hundred and ten reported all correct, although there were some absentees on account of the fog. SIR PERCY MACKINNON, one of those caricatured on this page by Fred May, was, until midnight 31-12-33, Chairman of Lloyd's. MR. A. J. BARNES is the hard-working Hon. Secretary, and, together with CAPTAIN NICHOLSON and MR. W. H. COOMBS, founded the Club, whose object is to promote and foster the Comradeship of the Sea. Membership is open only to those who have sailed the Seven Seas.

SNOW ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

MRS. NORRIS and her sub-débutante daughter JEAN were snapped after a skating competition at Suvretta House, which was won by Jean, who is a Silver Medallist. They are the wife and younger daughter of Mr. O. T. Norris, the Surrey cricketer. The Norris girls are brilliant pianists and accomplished skaters. The elder is engaged to Mr. Allom, the England cricketer.

MRS. FITZGERALD, who is well known round about Melton, is seen with her youngest daughter, MISS IRENE MANN-THOMSON, who was voted one of the most attractive débutantes of 1932.

In the members' stand at St. Moritz, watching the Cresta one morning early. The HON. MRS. PARSHALL, whose husband is riding this year, is chatting to MR. G. VETLESEN, a Norwegian who is well known in British yachting circles. He races in the 12-metre class, with "Venia III." Mrs. Parshall is the sister of the Hon. Ben Bathurst.

LEAPING from one Alpine resort to another is always a stupendous effort. The packing, the fervent *au revoirs*, the twenty-four-hour journey—or thirty-six, if connections fail—the unpacking, only to discover that those pet mittens are drying on a now-distant radiator, and then the action known as settling down, which takes days or hours, according to temperament. It 's only when people stop asking: "When did you arrive?" and tell you when they arrived, instead of waiting for an answer, that a feeling of superiority and contentment steals in. Talking of theft, don't leave skis or sticks about in Italy, even leaning against your own Invicta. They have a fatal fascination.

Before quitting Sestrières, I noted Sybil Pitman, from "Beaufortshire," and brother Tim practising carefully; Delia Crossley pretending to enjoy practising carefully; the Beddington-Behrens throwing another dinner-party as cheerily as usual; and Mrs. Ray Cox wondering vaguely if the nudist murals at the Principi make sense. Count (Tio) Rossi and the (Carla) Boncompagnis appeared from Rome a few hours before we set out in the cold dawn (nine-fifteen for eight-thirty) and a venerable Ford, determined to reach St. Moritz that night or die in the attempt. We nearly died.

It was a grey and misty morning. The way was long, but the wind (pronounced "wined," please) was not cold inside the Ford, where fug reigned. Descending the long, twisting valley towards Turin we passed several female peasants in positively Messel costumes, red and purple predominating. The most stylish wore a Royal Stuart tartan fichu or spencer, which proved that plaids, like bagpipes, were not invented in Scotland. The villages are rare occurrences, having a single street so narrow that either you win or reverse, and no shops. Problem: On what is the population nurtured? In Turin the roads were still covered with snow, and we refilled the hot-water bottles. It became evident that three people, without three words of Italian, would find the way difficult to find. I bought what we hoped to be a counterpart of the *Sketch*, because newspapers are said to broaden a girl's mind and help her to a lightning understanding of foreign languages. But it turned out to be a junior *Vie*, and we knew the answers to the pictures already.

After shouting "*Per Milano*" at unwilling pedestrians, with a query, and hearing "*Sinestre*" (brightly—"how sinister?—oh, yes, bar sinister—must be left-handed"), we found the *autostrade*, which is a turnpike running ruthlessly straight for a hundred miles. You pay for the pleasure of crossing a landscape reminiscent of Slough, only less humane. You pay nearly four shillings in the local coinage for a gallon of petrol. At last Milan, and more hot milk, stale biscuits (decidedly not a Land of Cakes), and a sharp walk in the drizzle to loosen up aching back muscles, view the Cathedral, and search for dried figs (so healthy when travelling); but this city struck us as less attractive than Manchester, without the advantage of possessing a luxury hotel.

It was now four o'clock, and our schedule read: "Leave Milan 2 p.m. at latest." We began to fuss about seeing the beauties of *Lago di Como* before dusk. "Como must be divine—didn't Byron do something about it?" "No, dear, you must be thinking of the Lake Poets—pass the figs." To make a long drive short, the lake was shrouded in fog, but it must be very big, because it took several hours to get even with. A few miles more, and the fog thickened. *Bump!*—and again *bump!* We have run into a cart. The horse is down, and so are the two men, their cargo of sacks, and the cart, which, being tied together with string, falls limply to pieces, and is put together again, unlike Humpty Dumpty, in ten minutes. Nobody hurt, but a flow of langwidge. They want us to go before the Deputy of the next town and find an interpreter. We gesticulate that they were on the wrong side of the road, and lucky to be whole. Nobody understands. Does it matter?

Then the fog lifted, and we began to climb through the mountain whiteness to the frontier, where the Italians were glad to speed us and the Swiss to welcome. Having once luged and walked alternately the more than twenty miles from Maloja, I became uppish describing this mammoth expedition over still more hot milk, while the hot-water bottles were again refilled—thank heaven! in the light of after events and the moon, which was now shining through scudding clouds. Only seven-thirty! We 'll be there in an hour, and get to the Palace gala, with luck. It 's Thursday, isn't it? Galas were Thursdays and Sundays last year, and galas never, never change.

Our charming Irish chauffeur didn't believe in chains. Tyres grip the snow better without. We said "Of course," dutifully, till the road got steeper and steeper (shades of that glorious luge descent!) and the wheels refused to go round. We were cold and cross and frightened. It was miles to Maloja, and miles more back to the frontier. Not a

nice party. Three lorries loaded with food rolled up behind and saved the situation, tying ropes to the back tyres, while we stood by hugging bottles to our bosoms. Eventually the convoy moved off successfully, only to be checked by a grand Italian car full of grandees and monogrammed skis, stuck on a hairpin. Somehow, sometime, all the cars were on top. That last stage, beside the lakes, with Sils-Maria twinkling to the right and Silvaplana ahead, was lovely after so much hardship, but not so lovely as the steam heat in the Palace or Mr. Badrutt's greeting or Mrs. Badrutt's hot soup. Nearly midnight, and the end of another adventure.

St. Moritz is very full. Reading from right to left, on arrival in the Palace lounge, we have Baron de Gunsbourg (immaculate " Nicky "), the Duc di Sangro (smiling " Ricardo "), Mrs. Alec Sykes, Rodney Soher, that eligible bachelor and excellent " chap," who 's staying at the Grand, as is Dale Bourn ; Mrs. Beryl Mills, with Vivian and Wilfred Loyd (the latter another bachelor who should give matrimony a chance) ; and Mr. Emmott, the serious young M.P. who sparkles with small talk, unlike last year.

At the Bob, Mr. Hubert Martineau's strolling round, much be - badged (his St. Moritz life consists of one dam committee after another), and Jim Mollison 's wearing a little white jacket with fur epaulettes—so coy. René Fonjellaz, even larger than last year, looks lost without Irving Netcher, whom we miss; which also applies to the " King of Corviglia "—Roy Glen. Early in the season Bobbing isn't thrilling, except to those who bob. You wait about for hours till a load goes sedately down. No chance of an accident, and the density of the atmosphere in the club-house isn't yet *au point*. Nor are the disputes, to use a dignified translation of " fierce argument."

JACK HEATON, the world champion and the most marvellous Cresta rider from every point of view, is now at St. Moritz. He looks like winning everything again his year, with Ben Bathurst as runner-up ; but it 's early yet to decide. Mr. Heaton's family are prominent Californians.

MISS DIANA FANE-GLADWYN, the fifteen - year - old Gold Medallist, is on the Suvretta Rink. She is one of the best skaters England has produced for some years. She pirouettes in a scarlet tunic, and adds to the decorative attractions of the view.

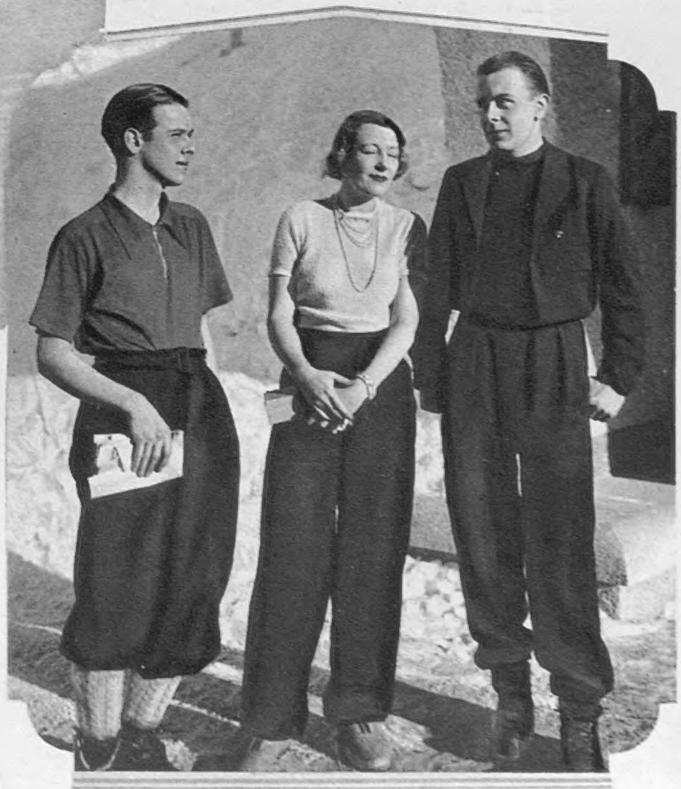
The HON. BEN BATHURST, the popular Cresta rider, is mounting his skeleton. He is Lord Bledisloe's elder son.

The Cresta 's interesting if you 're keen about the form of riders or a certain rider. But girl friends must be strong to get there in the early morning, and stronger still to stay put. Ben Bathurst and his brother-in-law, Mr. Parshall, are watched by their wives. Major Jack Thompson, who 's here *en garçon*, is not always the first to arrive. Richard Philpott has sprained his arm and is a reluctant spectator, gathering news for his daily tabloid, a new feature of St. Moritz life which is given away free. Don't faint. Jack Heaton 's still the star, but we haven't noticed everyone getting up betimes to applaud him. Major Oliver 's still the competent secretary. The Cresta crowd seldom dispute and never argue. There are a lot of new riders, mainly French, and a slower bunch we 've never timed. Spikes all the way, especially at Battledore, which is about eighteen inches lower, because it was too easy last year. Courage.

The Kulm is having a success. For some seasons it tended to be an elderly paradise for curlers and an all-British outpost. Last year they started a grill-room, and the tide has turned towards Youth and Fashion. The Horlick contingent 's due from Sestrières ; Mark Watson and his mother, Clair Lady Manton, are installed, and the shining lights of the 3 S Club glow. It 's also the Dutch stronghold, just as the Palace used to be a Spanish citadel when charming and well-known Spaniards were able to come to St. Moritz. May those days return !

On the nursery slopes of Suvretta, otherwise the Rue de la Paix, there are more children than ever. Mrs. Edward Compton, who has brought hers, looks statuesque on skis, which is clever, as she 's almost a novice. We meet several Jellicoes, including the Lady Prudence, who 's " a whole lot of fun " ; and Mrs. Brand, who 's one of Lady Astor's sisters. Charles and/or Percy and/or Digby Ledgard is laying a Slalom. He 's a nice bit of colour, with pink face, red stockings, gold hair, and a blonde Swedish officer's jacket. This is about the best - looking garment we 've seen, and Charles has already had to write to his Swedish cousins for copies from the model.

Suvretta rink 's always the smartest place to skate. Pamela and Jean Norris are graceful performers, and Diana Fane-Gladwyn out-stars the rest. Mrs. Elliot, wife of Eton's head ; Colonel Dalrymple-Hamilton, husband of nice Lady Marjorie ; and Mrs. Schlatter, who was Mrs. Cameron last year, are about. Also Princess Aspasia and the lovely Comtesse Jean de Vogüé. She 's the prettiest woman at Suvretta. Mrs. Breasted at the Palace. Miss Irene Mann-Thomson at the Carlton. Not yet inspected the Grand, where contract 's more important than curling, for once, because Colonel Beasley and Lady Rhodes are playing exhibition matches. Not double-dummy, of course.



PRINCESS JOY TROUBETSKOY, wife of the sculptor, is English and an author. She is with MR. ROBERT GARRETT and his brother, MR. PATRICK GARRETT.

BERKSHIRE SOCIETY AT THE HOSPITAL BALL.

Berkshire society turned up in full force at the sixteenth annual ball of the Royal Berkshire Hospital, which took place at the Town Hall, Reading. This group shows (back row; l. to r.) MAJOR MORROGH, MR. C. ERIC PALMER, MRS. REGINALD PALMER (wife of the Joint-Master of the Garth), and MRS. RUSHBROOKE; and (in front) MAJOR RUSHBROOKE, MRS. BRIGGS, MRS. MORROGH, MAJOR BRIGGS, and MR. G. PALMER.

SIR WILLIAM and LADY MOUNT were among the dancers. Lady Mount was Miss Nance Llewellyn. She was a member of the Executive Committee of the Ball.

MRS. HORLICK brought her muff to the ball, just in case it was chilly. She is with MR. J. WADDINGTON (l.); and MRS. NICHOL and MR. L. GOVETT are on the right.

Dr. Howitt's party consisted of (back row; l. to r.) MR. R. BEDDINGTON, MR. R. DEAN, MR. M. HUGHES, and MR. O. HACKING; (centre row) MISS E. HUGHES, MISS A. HOWITT, and MISS R. HOWITT; and (in front) MISS P. HOWITT, the HON. MRS. HOWITT, and DR. HOWITT, M.P. Mrs. Howitt is a sister of Lord Marchamley.

This group consists of SIR ARTHUR GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN, LADY BOSCAWEN, MRS. BASIL DEREHAM, and MR. BASIL DEREHAM.

FAMILY AND LIVESTOCK AT LOWESBY HALL.

Lowesby Hall, Leicester, is the beautiful country home of the MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD, elder son of the Duke of Marlborough. Lord Blandford and his family are here lined up to face the camera. The young EARL OF SUNDERLAND is next his father, and then come the MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD, and the LADY ROSEMARY, LADY SARAH, and LADY CAROLINE SPENCER-CHURCHILL.

Lord Blandford's children are all hunting enthusiasts, and ride very good-looking ponies. This group shows LADY BLANDFORD, little LORD SUNDERLAND, and his three sisters.

LADY ROSEMARY SPENCER-CHURCHILL, who was born in 1929, is the youngest member of the family. Like her brother and sisters, she is extremely fond of the family greyhounds.

LADY SARAH SPENCER-CHURCHILL and her sister, LADY CAROLINE, were born in 1921 and 1923 respectively. They closely resemble their beautiful mother, who was the Hon. Alexandra Mary Cadogan.

SATIRE, SENTIMENT, AND ROYAL PORTRAITURE IN BRITISH ART.

A FAIRY TREATMENT: "PUCK FLEEING BEFORE THE DAWN" is one of the nineteenth-century subject-pictures on view at the Royal Academy Exhibition of British Art. It is by David Scott (1806—1849).
(Lent by the National Gallery of Scotland.)

ANOTHER FAIRY TREATMENT: "FERDINAND AND ARIEL" is a typical example of the work of one of the Victorian artists who are definitely "out of key" with the trend of modern thought. It is by Sir John Millais (1829—1896).
(Lent by Brig.-General E. Makins, M.P.)

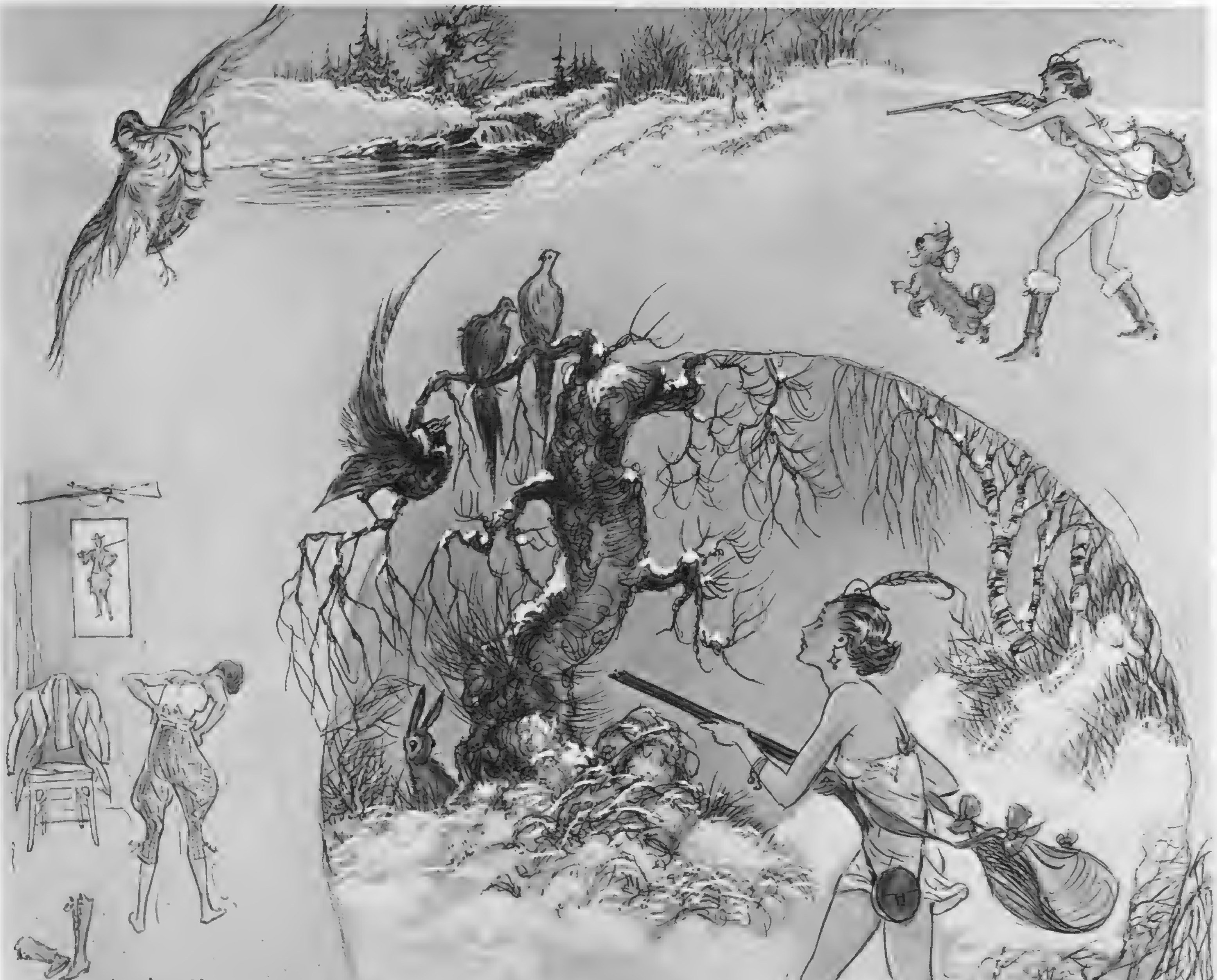
(Left) ONE OF THE FEW NUDES: "A NUDE WOMAN." There are very few nudes at the Exhibition of British Art. This particular one is by William Etty (1787—1849).
(Lent by the Earl of Sandwich.)

SPORT AND SENTIMENT: "THE FIRST LEAP" is a perfect example of the Victorian combination of sport and sentiment. It is by Sir Edwin Landseer (1802—1873), the popular animal artist who is responsible for the lions of Trafalgar Square.
(Lent by the Guildhall Art Gallery.)

THE EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART at the Royal Academy Galleries, Burlington House, opened to the public on Saturday last. The Private View, which took place on Friday, January 5, was an important social event of the week. The Exhibition includes not only pictures, but furniture, silver, sculpture, armour, goldsmith's work, tapestry and porcelain. The period covered is from c. 1000 till 1860.

(Right) A DECORATIVE ROYAL PORTRAIT: "HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, AND SIR JOHN HARRINGTON" is an interesting portrait of the elder brother of Charles I., who died young. It is attributed to Isaac Oliver, who died in 1617.
(Lent by Lord Duveen.)

INTERESTING IN VIEW OF THE THREATENED REVIVAL OF CORSETS!—"THE STAY-MAKER." Hogarth's picture of a lady being fitted into stiff eighteenth-century corsets is enough to frighten the girls to-day, now that a revival of figures is threatened!
(Lent by Sir Edmund Davis.)



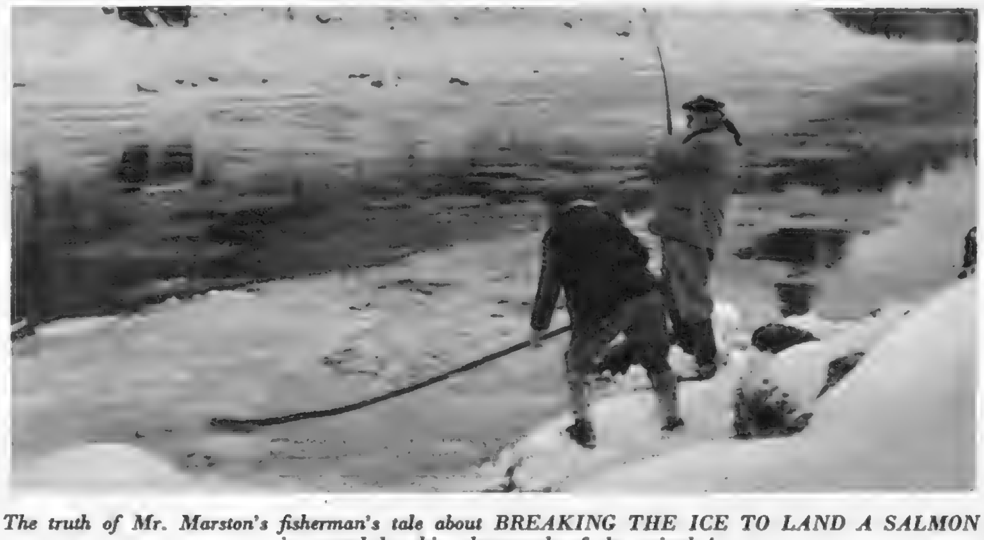
A DREAM OF A SHOOTING-SUIT.

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY A. K. MACDONALD.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

Breaking the Ice.

One of the best action pictures of salmon-fishing under most trying conditions which I have seen was sent to me by Mr. Thos. Ed. Higham, of Accrington. The photograph is reproduced on this page, and shows an incident which occurred on the Aberdeenshire Dee last February. The conditions for salmon-fishing were as hopeless as the most pessimistic angler could imagine—ice-floes, grue, and frozen banks. Mr. Higham was with a party, and they were all feeling pretty desperate. At last Mr. Alec Rennie, who had come all the way from Durban for the fishing, could stand the inactivity no longer. He started spinning with an eel-tail, and at about the third cast hooked a lively 12-pounder. Before Mr. Rennie could bring the fish to the gaff, the ghillie had to break a channel in the ice. This took a considerable time, but was accomplished at last, and the salmon was towed within reach. Opening day on the Dee, Feb. 11, falls on a Sunday this year, so fishing will not commence until the 12th. All Mr. Higham's party will be there on that day, and they are hoping for a good season.



The truth of Mr. Marston's fisherman's tale about BREAKING THE ICE TO LAND A SALMON is proved by this photograph of the episode!

Some Bright Spots in the 1933 Salmon-Fishing Season in Scotland.

With the new salmon season fast approaching, anticipation may be stimulated by recalling a few of the bright spots in the past dismal season in Scotland. The River Awe holds pride of place for the two heaviest fish. By a curious coincidence, the record fish—47½ lb.—taken by Mr. Huntingdon, was exactly the same weight as the record fish for 1932. The latter was caught on the River Nith. The other big Awe fish weighed 46 lb., and was caught at Taynuilt by Dr. Copeman. No camera was available, so the doctor packed his fine fish off to his home in the South of England, with instructions for the salmon to be photographed. His gardener tackled the job and made a sorry mess of it, hanging the fish like a sack of coal with its jaw gaping open. When the doctor kindly sent me a print, I wrote and sympathised with him.

Forty-pounders were scarce in Scotland last season. The Spey produced two, one of 42 lb. and the second just 40 lb., but worth special mention, as it was landed on a light trout-rod by Miss Holt. The Tay can claim one forty-pounder, though it was actually killed on East Haugh beat of the Tummel by Mr. F. Peat. Once again there is the coincidence of this heaviest fish for the Tay being the same weight as the best fish for 1932, which was killed by Lady Ward. In case anyone objects to the Tummel fish being classed as a Tay fish, I will give the heaviest caught in the Tay—38½ lb., killed by a keeper on Bolfracks. A lady angler, Mrs. Hamilton, had the honour of capturing the heaviest Tweed fish, 35 lb.

An amusing contest entitled "FISHERS OF MEN" figured on the programme of the Second Annual National Anglers' Championship at Key Largo, Florida. Famous anglers took part in it, and pitted their skill against fine swimmers. The redoubtable and famous men with the rods were Major John Hessian; Mr. H. I. Phillips, a gossip-writer; Captain William McFee, the author; Mr. Robert H. Davis, author and traveller; and Mr. Ben Ames Williams, author. The lively "fish" were Mr. Bill Lanier; Mr. William Finnegan; Miss Georgia Coleman, former women's Olympic diving champion; Mr. Pete Desjardins, former men's low and high board Olympic diving champion; and Mr. "Stubby" Kruger, the water clown.

A Beauty from the Beauly.

Lord Mountgarret landed a notable fish of 38 lb. on the River Beauly, where 20-pounders are rare. Possibly it was a fish from the Ness or Garry which had taken a wrong turning. The Beauly produced some phenomenal catches of grilse seventy to eighty years ago, when Lord Lovat had 128 fish in eight days in 1854, and 146 in five days in 1864; and Colonel Duff had 106 in seven days in 1859. It is no good looking for bright spots on the Dee, for it is said that some anglers, who paid high prices for beats, did not even go to the river. The Thurso was in much the same plight. The Tweed, however, gave one or two scintillations, for Sir H. Samman had sixteen salmon in one day on Feb. 15 on South Wark, and Messrs. Prentice and N. H. Graessen had fifteen and fourteen fish respectively on North Wark on March 8 and 9. If there is anything in the seven-year-cycle theory, the 1934 season should be a good one, as the last peak year was 1927.

Jubilee Year of the Fly-Fishers' Club.

On Dec. 18, 1884, the Fly-Fishers' Club was established. The club-house was at 10, Adelphi Terrace, and when the first annual dinner was held at the Holborn Restaurant on Dec. 9, 1885, the membership had reached 264. This year marks the fiftieth year of the Club's existence, and I gather that this happy event will be celebrated in appropriate fashion. The Annual Dinner takes place on March 1, at the Savoy Hotel, and Field-Marshal Lord Allenby has kindly consented to be the Guest of Honour. I heard recently that a book giving an account of the history of the Club was being prepared, and I see in the current issue of the Club Journal that this book is now in the press, and, when it is published, copies will be presented to all the members.

Roach and Perch for the Thames.

Just before Christmas, Mr. F. B. Hannam, who superintends the netting operations of the Thames Angling Preservation Society, told me on the telephone that he had just returned from a very successful netting in the Metropolitan Water Board reservoirs. Some 2000 roach and perch, averaging half a pound, and including many fine roach up to 1¼ lb., and perch up to 2 lb., were turned into the Thames at Staines Railway Bridge. There were also about 10,000 roach and perch fry. With the temperature below zero, it is no joke netting fish and hauling on wet ropes with hands numbed by a biting cold wind. Thames anglers owe a debt of gratitude to these hardy netsmen, particularly to those like Mr. Hannam, whose work is voluntary.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Half-a-dozen bream, largest 4 lb., were caught in the Thames at Teddington during the last week in December.

An extraordinary run of large salmon was observed on Dec. 26 in the Dumfries Nith, and to a lesser extent in the Annan and Border Esk. One Nith angler saw about fifty salmon pass over the Dumfries Caul in half an hour. All the fish were very red or nearly black, showing they were well advanced towards spawning.

R. L. MARSTON.

These activities of keen anglers on the banks of the Duckmaloi River, near Jenolan, are typical of those of such sportsmen during the NEW SOUTH WALES TROUT-FISHING season.

LADY GUNS ONLY! A NOTTS INNOVATION.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Kayser had a novel shoot at Eaton Hall, Retford, Notts, last week. There were six guns—ALL WOMEN, whose husbands and brothers acted as loaders. The EARL OF LINCOLN is seen in our left-hand photograph, acting in this capacity for his wife, the COUNTESS OF LINCOLN. He is the son of the Duke of Newcastle, and married Eugenia von Voorhees, adopted daughter of Mr. David Banks, of New York, in 1931. In our lower photograph we give a group of the guns—MRS. T. DARLEY, MISS N. BARBER, MRS. C. W. KAYSER, MRS. R. THOMPSON, the COUNTESS OF LINCOLN, and MISS ANGELA KAYSER (l. to r.). The shooting was of a high order, especially so considering that most of the members of the party shot with small-bore guns and had had little previous experience. There were nine drives and the bag consisted of 113 head, including 81 pheasants, many of which were good high birds.

TAKE OFF YOUR COAT.

By SYBIL VINCENT.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.) *

Jo did not notice the cloak-room woman's mistake until she picked up the coat to put it on. She had carried it over her arm from the barrier behind which the attendant guards the Hotel Astarte's women guests' possessions to the row of mirrors in the outer room. Here she had thrown it carelessly on a stool while she made up and reflected bitterly that it was like her luck that the young American she 'd met yesterday, and who had just paid for her lunch, was sailing to-morrow.

But now, as she started to put it on, Jo realised what had happened. The cloak-room woman had mixed up the numbers, and given her the summer ermine coat deposited at the same time as her own imitation ermine before luncheon. After all, it was not really so dishonest, she reflected, as she hurried out of the hotel and started to walk towards Bond Street. Later in the day she 'd take it back and make some excuse about not having noticed the mistake until she 'd left the Astarte. Even if they did look at her a bit queerly, they couldn't do anything, and it might make all the difference at the interview at the Golden Apple. Wicked, the way at those sort of smart night-clubs; they expected you to look like a million dollars, and wouldn't have you otherwise, however good your turn might be.

As she wandered along Bond Street, idly looking in the shop-windows to fill in time until her appointment at the Golden Apple, she wondered who the coat belonged to. The pockets were empty. There was not even a letter or card to give a clue. She had noticed both the coat and its owner in the cloak-room of the Astarte before lunch, however. Both had filled her with so much envy. The coat because it was the sort that her own coat had been meant to imitate when she had bought it at the sales three years ago. Jo had also envied the girl, because, in a way, they were rather alike. She was much the same height and build as Jo, and her hair the same shade of dark brown. But there the resemblance ceased. Her hair had obviously just been done by one of the best hairdressers in London, her shoes brand-new, and the two slim diamond bracelets she wore on her left wrist must have cost about double the amount of money that had passed through Jo's hands in the last couple of years.

A clock near the corner of Grosvenor Street struck a quarter to four. With a hasty powdering of her already over-powdered nose in a conveniently polished shop-window, she hurried towards the Golden Apple. Was the manager's name Martini or Martino? Suddenly she remembered that she had left the letter making the appointment in the pocket of her own coat. God, that was bad luck! They 'd know who she was, and that she had an appointment at the Golden Apple at four o'clock. They might have rung Martini and queered her pitch. A habit of exchanging her coats for better ones belonging to clients—first-class recommendation for a job, that was! If her eyes had not been so thoroughly well trained as to the disastrous effect of tears on mascara, she would have cried. They might have someone there waiting to arrest her. She 'd have to miss the appointment. But there was also her home address on the envelope—there 'd be someone waiting there.

With an effort she pulled herself together and decided the best thing would be to telephone the Astarte, and tell them she 'd got the wrong coat. After all, it would prove that she was honest, and they couldn't really do anything then. Slipping a couple of pennies in her pocket, she entered a telephone-box. It was when, in obedience to the operator's commands, she felt in her right-hand pocket for the two pennies that she made the discovery. In it were an emerald necklace, a man's gold watch, a pair of diamond earrings, and three gold cigarette-cases of assorted sizes, as well as her two pennies. For a moment she felt completely numbed. Subconsciously at last she obeyed the operator's increasingly irritated commands to put her pennies in, and somehow asked to be put through to the ladies' cloak-room, while surreptitiously she examined the treasures in the right pocket, and then discovered a purse and another gold watch in the left.

In a haze she heard the cloak-room attendant repeat that no one had complained of getting the wrong coat. One young lady had not been quite sure for a moment, whether she had been given the right one, and asked the attendant to look again, but had said it was her mistake a moment later, and these imitation ermine do look so alike.

Jo put down the receiver in a daze. Then, somehow, the truth came to her. She remembered that boy who 'd been keen on her ages ago, when she 'd been on at the Grandale, before they turned it into a cinema. Tall and dark and handsome-looking in a foreign, Jewish sort of way, and free with his money, too. Hadn't given her the least hint about how he made it, though, until that night he had told her she was a fool to go on kicking up her legs in the chorus for ever, but had better come in with him.

"Why, if you were my girl, all you 'd have to do would be just to walk up and down looking into grand shop-windows," he had said. "Then, without you even noticing it, my boys slip in your pockets the things they pinch off fat old fools with more money than they know what to do with. Get rid of incriminating evidence. Wouldn't be any danger to you, though. You 'd be that grandly dressed that no one would suspect you." Money for jam it had sounded, in a way, but Jo didn't quite like the sound of it, or trust the young Jew. Besides, jobs hadn't been so hard to get in those days.

But that definitely was what had happened. The girl who looked like her and owned the coat belonged to a pick-pocket gang. They 'd been having a field day in the neighbourhood, and emptied all the results into her pockets without her feeling anything. And to think that she 'd been worrying that they might put the police on to her or tell Martini she was a thief! The coat was hers for keeps, and as for the treasure-trove in her pockets—well, it had been stolen, anyhow. It wasn't as if she had stolen it herself. Only get herself into Queer Street if she took it to the police.

Thanks to the coat, Jo thought, she was not kept waiting when she arrived at the Golden Apple, but was taken directly to Martini's comfortable office.

"Miss Jo March? Ah, you have an appointment with me; that is right. Hot numbers, imitations, old music-hall favourites, that is what you told me in the letter. Please sit down and tell me about your past experience," he continued, pointing to a chair. "But will you not take off your coat?" he asked. "It is warm in here."

"No, thank you, I 'm not too hot," Jo answered, although the room was very warm. She must not let the coat leave her sight. Suppose something fell out of the pocket. Besides, why expose the cheap silk dress?

"You have not a chill? You do not catch cold easily? Girls who catch cold easily are hopeless for my work."

"Oh, no," Jo answered, "I never catch cold." But still hugged the coat to her. When Martini asked Jo to sing one of her numbers, she felt that the job was as good as hers already. Apparently her appearance had been passed as O.K., and she knew her song was all right.

"But come out into the ball-room. Here you do not get a fair chance," Martini said pleasantly, leading the way. Jo paused for a second before she climbed on to the little stage at the far end of the room. You couldn't possibly sing a hot number, with appropriate gestures, in a heavy fur coat. After all, her appearance had been passed, and the black silk dress, anyhow, looked all right from a distance.

She did the song well, and feeling really satisfied started to climb off the stage and retrieve her coat. But before she could reach it a figure which seemed vaguely familiar suddenly appeared and started to put it on. As Jo rushed forward to protest, the girl turned round—it was the owner of the ermine coat.

"But you 've got——" the words froze on Jo's lips.

"Here 's your coat, Miss March," Martini came forward with Jo's ancient rabbit garment. "What 's the matter? Surely there is no mistake?"

"Oh dear no" the other girl answered, fastening the ermine coat round her. "Queer thing, wasn't it? I was quite convinced someone had deliberately taken my coat and left an old one behind at lunch to-day. Fur coats do look so alike, don't they? Fortunately, I came to Mr. Martini and he explained what a stupid mistake I 'd made."

"But I am only too glad to help a good client. But now everything is all right. Everyone has their own coats and are happy. Unpleasantnesses of this sort can be so disagreeable, can't they, Miss March?" he said meaningly, fixing his beady black eyes on Jo.

For a moment she did not answer. So she was in a trap. Desperately she tried to find some way out, but there was none. They had her on toast. Better give in gracefully. At least she might save the job then.

"Oh, yes," she faltered. "Silly of me to have made a mistake like that, wasn't it? Coats do look so alike."

"Well, I must be getting on," said the girl, wrapping the ermine coat round her more tightly. "Thanks so much for your help, Mr. Martini," she called over her shoulder as she left the room. Jo was left staring at Martini. An ugly half-smile broke over his fat, swarthy face.

"Ah, we were talking about your work. I am sorry, Miss March, but I 'm afraid, after all, I was mistaken. Please do not be offended, but I am afraid you are not quite smart enough for the Golden Apple." [THE END.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

ALL AT ST. MORITZ.

MRS. VINCENT YOUMANS with her twins, VINCENT junior, and CECILY. She is the wife of the American composer of "No, No, Nanette" fame.

MISS URSULA HORLICK is lunching at Corviglia Club surrounded by "beaux." MR. PETER CLIVE (left) is a son of the British Minister to the Vatican. The others are MR. OSWALD DARRELL and MR. MICHAEL WEAVER, the Cambridge Captain.

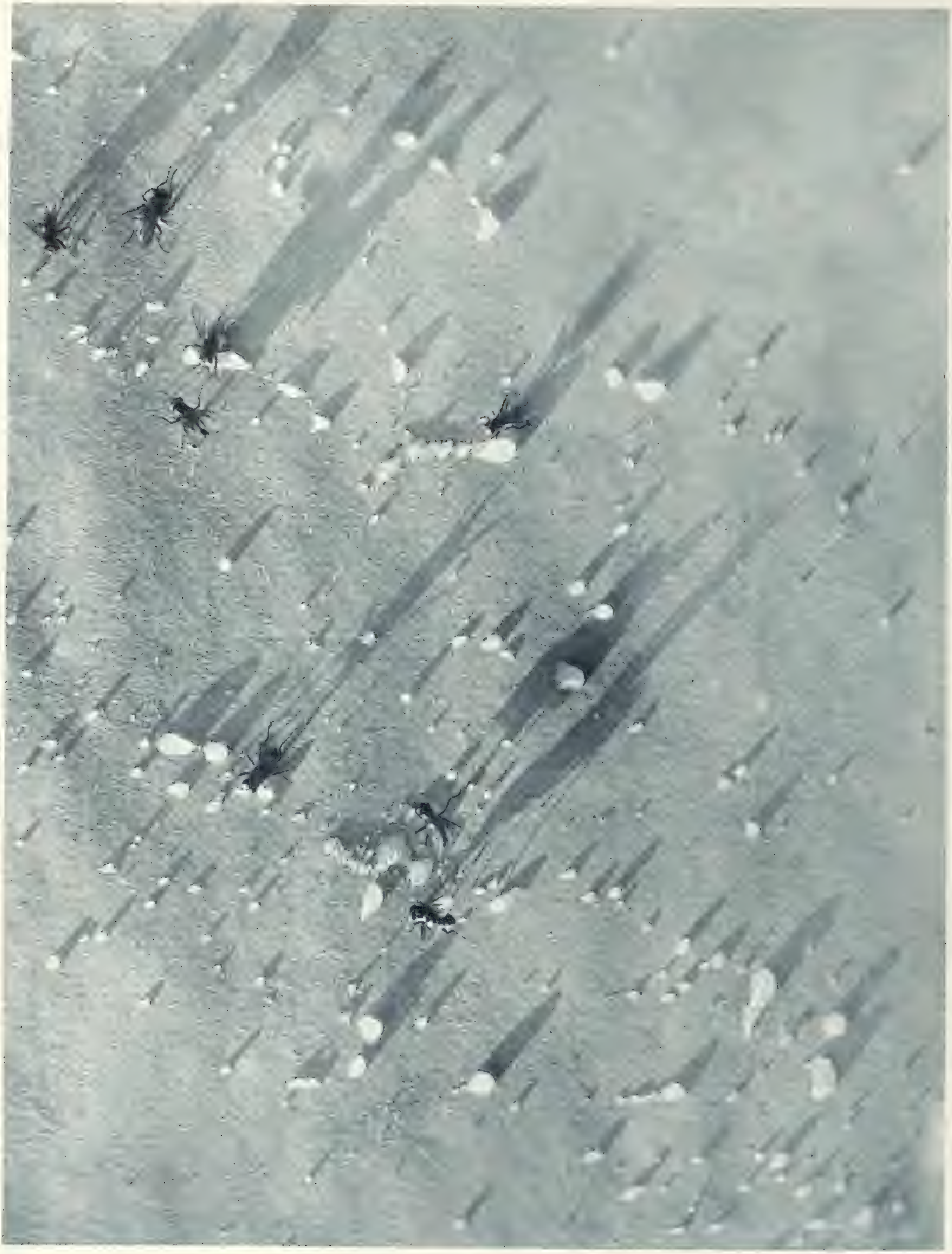
The HON. MRS. BEN BATHURST flings a manly coat over her ski-ing things when watching her husband ride the Cresta.

AVRIL, PRINCESS IMERETINSKY, daughter of Sir John Mullens, is engaged to MR. HUGH NUGENT LEVESON-GOWER.

MRS. BERYL MILLS, CAPTAIN D'ARCY RUTHERFORD, and MR. DALE BOURN, the golfer, are at lunch at Corviglia Club.

MRS. JOHN CRAMMOND is the wife of one of the best English Cresta riders.

MRS. SOMERSET MAUGHAM and her daughter LISA are among the latest arrivals in winter-sportsland.



WE ARE BUT FLIES!

This photograph makes a remarkable companion to that on our facing page. At first glance, the photographs look as if they were different studies of the same subject. This camera-picture, however, is a man's-eye view of Flies enjoying a meal of sugar; while the other is a fly's-eye view of Men enjoying a little ski-ing.

WE ARE BUT FLIES!

The beautiful camera-study reproduced on this page is a bird's-eye photograph of winter-sporters on a ski-ing expedition. It bears a remarkably close resemblance to the picture of flies having some fun with sugar on our facing page—and leads one to believe the truth of the rather depressing words: "As flies to wanton boys are we to the Gods." Fortunately, we don't always see our kind from up aloft!

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

LADY WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY is one of our newest and youngest great hostesses. She acted in this capacity at the big party at Grimsthorpe Castle, her father-in-law's famous seat, for the Stamford Ball last week. Someone remarked to Lady Astor that Lady Willoughby looks really lovely, and so much stronger

The MARQUESS and MARCHIONESS OF READING arrived recently at Monte Carlo. They are here seen with MAJOR GOLDSMITH (right). Lady Reading is following the latest fashion by carrying a little round muff.

than she used to as Phyllis Astor. "That 's because they are so happy," was "Our Nancy's" prompt reply.

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The dancers who roused most interest at the Stamford Ball were perhaps Lord Martin Cecil and his Hungarian fiancée, Mlle. Csanady de Telegd, who came with Lord and Lady Exeter. Mlle. de Telegd's sisters-in-law, Lady Romayne and Lady Winifred Cecil, were to have worn pale-blue bridesmaids' dresses at the wedding in the tiny Christ Church, Virginia Water, on Jan. 17, but apparently decided that you shouldn't tempt a nippy January day too far, and changed over to the safer and more becoming coral pink! Peter Taylor, the only page, will be four years old on the day after the wedding. Let 's hope his digestion will be equal to bride's cake on the 17th and birthday cake on the 18th.

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Débutantes to look out for in 1934. Lady Ursula Manners, with the magnolia skin and dark curly hair. She has a good seat on a horse, and has hunted since babyhood.

Miss Nadine Stonor, half-American, with plenty to say, and lots of *savoir-faire*. She is also a beautiful dancer.

Miss Jacqueline Paravicini. Sister of the popular Livia; resembles Lady Georgiana Curzon in type, and is a great friend of Miss Diane Chamberlain. They make a perfect pair, as Miss Chamberlain is fair, and Miss Jacqueline Paravicini dark and sparkling.

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Our Duchesses are all on the move. Her Grace of Northumberland evidently thinks that the education of her elder daughter, Lady Elizabeth Percy, who came out at the Percy Hunt Ball, is not yet complete. She has taken her and Lady Diana Percy on a world tour—Australia, *via* America and New Zealand, and home by China and Japan.

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The Duchess of Montrose is off with the Duke to the Holy Land. She 's a tall, fair, Juno-esque type, who looks her best in country clothes, and has, for a Duchess, the unusual reputation of being able to provide the best home-made jams and scones in Scotland. Dogs are her hobby.

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Miss Anne Wood and her brothers have the grandest capacity for enjoying comparatively unsophisticated amusements. At a recent staff ball at Garrowby, Lord Irwin's place, a country dance figured on the programme, and they all took an active part in it. It was neither Sir Roger de Coverley nor a Maypole number, but partook of both, and had to be undertaken most seriously with ribbons, and set-to-partners, and many figures, but the young Woods made no mistakes and danced all correctly. Lord Irwin's arm was still in a sling, so his prowess as a country dancer could not be tested.

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Modesty and Unassuming Kindliness must be "in" again. I do call it the height of unselfish sweetness to give a lovely party and never let on who footed the bill, like the anonymous hosts and hostesses who entertained all the hunting world from Melton at the Craven Lodge Fancy-Dress Ball!

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The first riddle of the evening, "Who asked us here?" was soon succeeded by other queries. Who were the bridal pair from Alabama, or wherever it is they wear their faces so black? What well-known features were hidden behind the armour of the noble knight and the Mickey Mouse make-up? Lord and Lady Conyers were soon revealed, and Miss Susan Tilney; but Lady Nutting only put her visor up when the heat became unbearable!

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Mr. John Garnett's Giant Lady Equestrian, with a red wig and a top-hat, was much admired. Lots of us could not believe that he wasn't on stilts, for his habit skirt made his height seem quite frightening.

Lady Brownlow's Footballer deserves an award, and Lady Kathleen Rollo's "Little Man" would surely have been passed by Strube himself! Mr. Toby Greenall's costume was easy—he came in mother's hunting kit, and looked just like her.

Mrs. Tony Bellville's figure is as slim as the best Harlequin of the best "panto," and it 's nice to think that our seafaring race can be inspired to think out such variety in nautical costumes as those worn by Miss Ulrica Thynne, Lady Catherine Willoughby, and General "Mouse" Tomkinson!

The bravest people present at the Fancy-Dress Ball. Sir Harold Nutting and Captain Hugh Lloyd Thomas, in immaculate evening dress.

MISS CLAIRE ISABEL WHITAKER, only child of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Whitaker, of Winsley Hall, Shrewsbury, is engaged to Mr. R. de S. Churchward, Coldstream Guards, only son of Brig.-General Churchward, of Ridward Hall, Stafford.

MISS ELIZABETH CROFT, eldest daughter of Brig.-General Sir Henry Page Croft, Bt., and of the Hon. Lady Croft, is engaged to MR. RICHARD HAYTER BAYFORD.

Two distinguished lawn tennis players were united by the marriage of FRÄULEIN HILDE KRAHWINKEL, the German star who is well known on the Centre Court at Wimbledon, and HERR SVEN SPERLING, the Danish player. Their marriage took place at Essen, in Germany.

The Princes in the Tower have become unavoidable since they got such a good press the other day! They were seen at the Chelsea Arts Club Ball: Mrs. Jim Seely and her niece, Miss Angy Dudley Ward, came to the Craven Lodge Ball as the little royal pair; and Miss Mary Norman's two pages, Gerald Bridgeman and Bruce Gardyne, for her wedding to Mr. John Sellar on Jan. 20 will also represent them.

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Sitwell fans are advised to visit the Leicester Galleries, where Albert Rutherston has a show of his delicate elegancies. "Souvenir of a Sitwell Evening" is a fan painting on silk, devoted to Our Literary Trio. Osbert, Edith, and "Sacha" are seen throned on a dais, supported by two pillars argent, under a spotlight from a flashing, radiant gem. Mrs. Sacha Sitwell—not being *quite* an Olympian, though married to one—is below the platform, holding her infant son, and the small group of friends in the foreground are obviously enthralled by a flow of wit, erudition and verbosity. There's a megaphone somewhere, too. In fact, it's all perfect.

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Now that Edwardian curves are the right thing for us girls, it's instructive, if rather breath-taking, to observe the eighteen-inch waists of some of the 1850 French officers drawn by Constantin Guys, which are also to be seen at the Leicester Galleries.

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No ordinary gain or loss shakes the Olympian calm of the gambler, but the decision of the authorities at Monte Carlo to have "Chemmy" played there without the *cagnotte* has fluttered the nerves of even the fabulous "big fellows" who stake in four-figure bets. When they heard the rumour that the gaping mouth in the centre of each "chemmy" table would be sealed up, and no five per cent taken by the "house," they telephoned confirmation of the glad news—some over the long-distance line from Paris—and sat down to play, their expressionless "poker faces" *ruined* by smiles!

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Lord Rothermere has been in the International Sporting Club at Monte Carlo, playing, but with indifferent luck. This doesn't disturb him, as he goes with a party of friends for fun, and just backs his favourite numbers.

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Commendatore Quaglia is not tired of being in the vicinity of gold-hunters, but he likes a change of scene and method! He is the man who retrieved the bullion from the sunken *Egypt*. Now he's at Monte Carlo.

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The Dennis Wheatley party on Monday was a triple birthday event. The "eats" included a large birthday cake with thirty-seven candles (for the host), and a tiny one with one candle for his first novel, "The Forbidden Territory." There was also a huge, non-edible egg from which the latest Wheatley thriller, "Black August," was produced. Food at Wheatley entertainments is always rather special, for Mrs. Wheatley is herself a bit of a *cordon bleu*, and knows just how the most succulent dishes should be made.

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Mrs. Claud Beddington deserves the thanks of everyone who has to stay in London during the socially "dim" period between now and Easter. She has issued a card of invitation to no less than seven afternoon parties, the first on Jan. 17. The hours of these "at-homes" are 4.45 till 7, so World's Workers will be able to attend. A typed slip came with my card, saying that guests would enjoy viewing Mrs. Beddington's new quattro-cento room, "which is lovely, though I say it," modestly wrote the hostess.

The marriage of COUNCILLOR H. G. SMITH (Lord Mayor of Melbourne) to MISS CYNTHIA BROOKES, daughter of Mr. Norman Brookes, the well-known tennis player, took place at St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne, Australia.

MISS MARY BAILEY, elder daughter of Sir Abe Bailey and the Hon. Lady Bailey, D.B.E., the distinguished airwoman, is engaged to Mr. Robin Grant Lawson, brother of Sir Peter Grant Lawson, Bt.

I hardly dare to think that British art of other days is not considered fashionable (as British music used to be till the B.B.C. took us in hand!), but let me whisper that it looks like it! I went to the Private View of the Exhibition of British Art at Burlington House feeling most enthusiastic, but was soon rather subdued. I did not encounter the large smart crowd I expected, and even the number and impressiveness of the cars in the courtyard was disappointing.

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Let's look on the bright side. There were some platinum blondes in those becoming new halo hats and *chic* fur coats. There were also some of those wonderful "period" clothes in which Burlington House seems to specialise. They *must* be kept for Private Views. Some of them looked so Victorian that I expected the wearers to line up by the Kneller portrait of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough "In A Temper," and use it as the text for a cautionary tale against the tantrums. As you probably know, her Grace had a dispute with her husband, and cut her hair off to annoy him, and *then* sat to Kneller with a sulky face and a bobbed head!

. . .

But who was there? Lady Colefax, who never misses an artistic occasion. She was wearing tweeds and going round in a rapid, business-like manner. Lady Bonham-Carter was also present at an early hour; and Sir Cecil Harcourt-Smith, Gertrude Lady Worthington-Evans, and Mr. W. W. Russell, R.A., were about, as well as Lady Mount Temple and Baroness Palmstierna.

MARIEGOLD.

The marriage of MISS MYRTLE VAN DE WEYER, eldest daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Van de Weyer, to MR. LEITH INGHAM TOMKINS WHITAKER, Rifle Brigade, was solemnised at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

MISS ROSEMARY VILLIERS, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Lady Victoria Villiers, is engaged to MR. ARCHIBALD ADAM BLACK, son of Mr. Adam Black.

1. VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH, daughter-in-law of the Marquess of Bath, presented "MINCE PIES," an amateur variety show, at the Horningsham Memorial Hall. In this number she is the Cockney narrator of the story of The Private Life of Bluebeard.

2. LADY NUNBURNHOLME (r.), youngest daughter of Lord Bath, as Clementine, trying to drag The Lover (VISCOUNT WEYMOUTH) from her Little Sister (MISS JOSEPHA SMITH).

3. MARTIN and JOHN STANLEY, sons of Lady Kathleen Stanley, as the Princes in the Tower.

4. VISCOUNT WEYMOUTH giving the famous "Albert" number about the Ramsbottoms' visit to Blackpool "Zoo."

5. Dick Whittington (the HON. CHARMIAN WILSON, daughter of Lady Nunburnholme) and his Cat (the HON. CAROLINE THYNNE, daughter of Lady Weymouth).

6. LADY NUNBURNHOLME in "The First Visit to the Butcher's."

7. "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" by LADY NUNBURNHOLME, VISCOUNT WEYMOUTH and VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH (pigs); with COLONEL the HON. OLIVER STANLEY as the Wolf.

LADY WEYMOUTH PRESENTS "MINCE PIES."

WITH RUGGER CELEBRITIES AS "POLICE": THE BLACKHEATH HOSPITAL BALL.

Members of the BLACKHEATH RUGBY CLUB, dressed as Royal Canadian Mounted Police, were the honorary drink stewards at the Blackheath Hospital Fancy Dress Ball. Our group shows (l. to r.; standing) MR. T. OSBORNE, MR. T. TOPIN, CAPTAIN R. E. BOWES, and MR. D. DAY; and (seated) MR. JACK DAVIES and MR. J. T. KEMP.

There was a Spanish flavour at the ball. MR. C. B. BAILEY, Blackheath and Trial Rugger player; MISS MURRAY; MISS G. HIND; and MR. LIONEL BAILEY, Blackheath and Trial Rugger player, look most Iberian.

MISS BETTY WOOLLEY, MRS. VAN DE SANTEN, and MR. DOUGLAS J. STITT are at supper.

The Pirate is MR. E. R. MOUNCHER, and his Marquise partner is MRS. C. G. WILLIAMSON, wife of the Hon. Treasurer of the Blackheath Rugby Football Club.

JOHN JUAN and ZELDA, MR. J. EDGAR PATTISON, and MR. RALPH FRAZER were photographed at supper.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MISS NANCY HELLIWELL, the lawn tennis player—FOR THIS VERSION OF AN EDWARDIAN LONDON CHORUS-GIRL, AT THE LEEDS ART BALL.

MR. ANTHONY EDEN'S name has been, for some time, the best answer to that rather tiresome question : " But what young men have we coming on ? " We 'll have to think of a new reply now ; for he *has* come. Lord Privy Seal at the age of thirty-six is what one might call a good start, but not a flying one, for Mr. Eden has been ten years in the House of Commons. He was Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from 1926-29, and became Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1931. During the war he served with the 60th Rifles, and was decorated with the M.C. ; so he is not an armchair Disarmament enthusiast. He comes from an ancient family whose first ancestor, Robert de (not Adam of) Eden, died in 1413, " seised of three messuages and ten oxgangs of land in Preston-on-Tees held of the Bishop *in capite* by knight's service." '

MR. ANTHONY EDEN—FOR BECOMING LORD PRIVY SEAL AT THE AGE OF THIRTY-SIX.

MOST of us thought that there was quite enough fog about on New Year's Day ! However, the B.I.P. property man pictured had to make some more by frying sulphate of ammonia outside the Elstree Film Studios in order to get " art fog " for the film " Contraband."

SIR WILLIAM MORRIS, Bt., who has now been elevated to the Peerage, is disappointed that the existence of a Newfoundland peer with the title of Lord Morris makes it necessary for him to give up his name. He has promised not to choose a lengthy title, but, anyhow, this would not affect his personal friends, as he wants them still to call him " W.R."

SIR WILLIAM MORRIS—FOR REGRETTING THE LOSS OF HIS FAMILY NAME NOW THAT HE IS A PEER ; BUT REMAINING W.R.

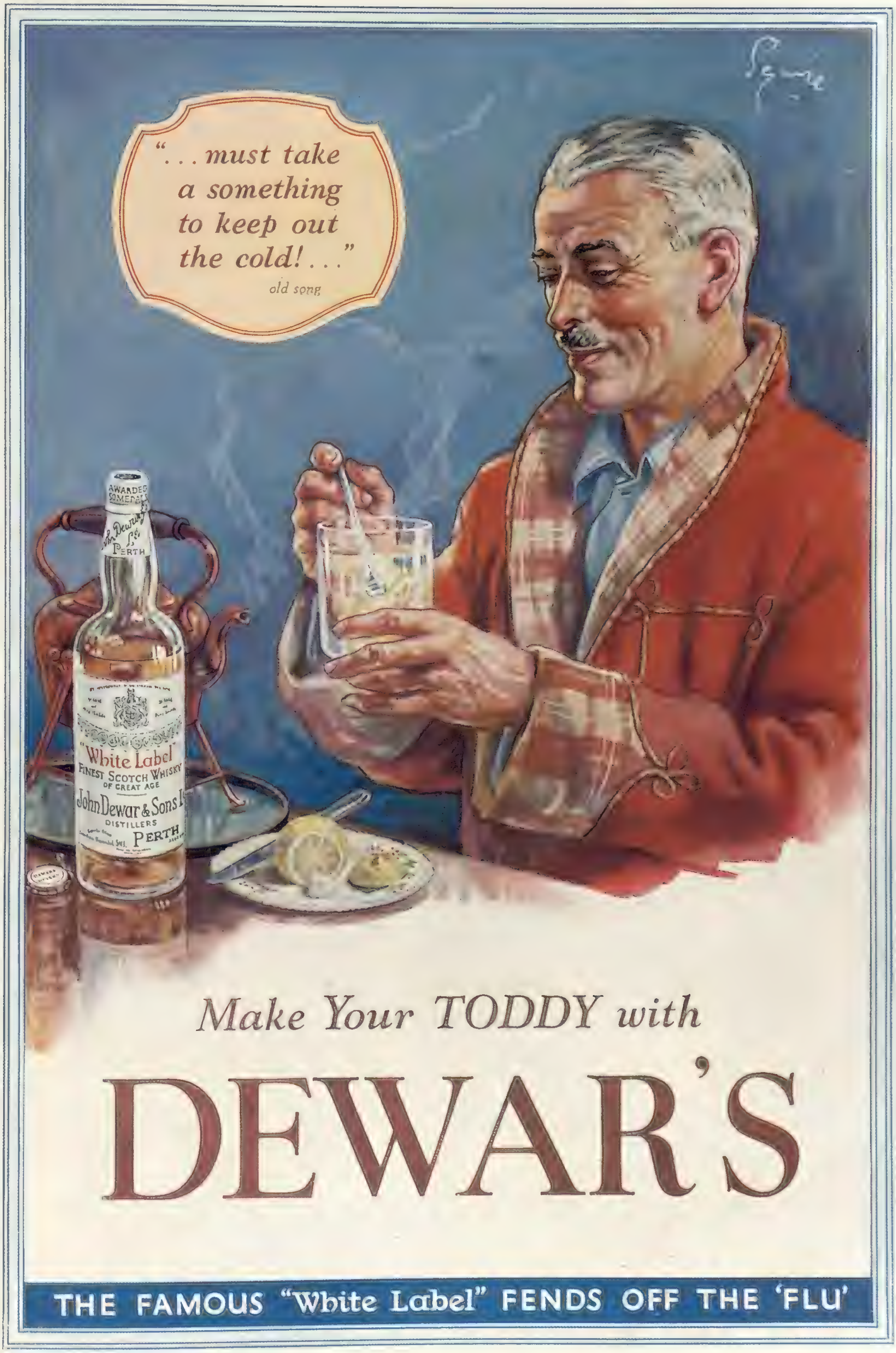
THIS B.I.P. PROPERTY EXPERT—FOR HAVING TO MAKE FOG IN A FRYING-PAN ON THE FOGGIEST NEW YEAR'S DAY !

WHEN MR. FREDERICK J. WOLFE, Chairman of the Anglo-American Oil Company, entertained eight of his retiring colleagues at a farewell dinner at the Dorchester, he pointed out that, if their years of service to the company were all added together, the total would be three hundred. He remarked that it was " not quite long enough to carry us back to the time when Henry VIII. was living his Private Life, but long before the Great Fire of London, which would have been a greater one still had it been stimulated by the billions of gallons of petrol, lubricating oil, lamp oil, and fuel oil which have passed through your hands." Among those retiring were two directors, Mr. J. Wilkie Frye and Mr. A. Maclean.

MASTER EDDIE OLIVER is the thirteen-year-old boy whose penny cinema has been closed as a result of the court undertaking given by his mother, after having been attended by 16,000 children in three years. He is managing the cinema at the Schoolboys' Exhibition.

MR. FREDERICK J. WOLFE—FOR ENTERTAINING EIGHT RETIRING COLLEAGUES WHO, COLLECTIVELY, HAVE SERVED THEIR COMPANY FOR NEARLY THREE HUNDRED YEARS.

Thirteen-year-old MASTER EDDIE OLIVER—FOR A PENNY-CINEMA SUCCESS WHICH MADE HIM MANAGER OF THE SCHOOLBOYS' EXHIBITION CINEMA.


"...must take a something to keep out the cold!..."
old song
AWARDED SOME MEDALS
John Dewar's Ltd PERTH
"White Label"
FINEST SCOTCH WHISKY
OF GREAT AGE
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH
Make Your TODDY with
DEWAR'S
THE FAMOUS "White Label" FENDS OFF THE 'FLU'

N.B.—THE SEVENTH OF THE NEW "SKETCH" SERIES OF

(RIGHT) THE WALT DISNEY ANIMALS ARE ANXIOUS TO HELP FATHER NOAH GET THE ARK READY IN TIME.

(BELOW) THE ROCKING ARK TOSSES ITS PASSENGERS FROM SIDE TO SIDE IN SICKENING STORMY WEATHER.

"FATHER NOAH'S A
and is presente
characteristically brilli
of the story of the F
warning of the great F
he shall build the Ar
willing help over the
sense to see that he
elephants toss logs a
straws; the porcupines
of fruit and vegetables,
most useful, as woodsm
The serpent has an ori
of transporting basket
and, indeed, the Jungle
good work. Father No
classic Noah's Ark figur
presence and a fine
exercises as the work
animals into the comple
of rain is a superb Wal
succeeded by an even
interior of the Ark.
the passengers all regis
distress than can be
of Channel crossings!
ceases, the Flood subsid
out. On her return w
his family gather on
dance. Noah then lo
the Jungle passengers
rolling out. The numb
increased, for they all
go out supported

Reproductions by Co

BY THE SCREEN'S GREATEST ARTIST—WALT DISNEY: "FA

(LEFT) THE SKUNKS WERE NOT ALLOWED IN THE ARK, BUT MANAGED TO GET ABOARD AS "ROOF" PASSENGERS.

(BELOW) THE ANIMALS WENT IN TWO BY TWO, BUT CAME OUT WITH PROGENY!

K," ... h is in technicolour ... ckey Mouse, is a ... nt ... Disney rendering ... jo ... opens with Noah's ... or ... the command that ... nimals all lend him ... us ... , as they have the ... s ... only hope! The ... un ... though they were ... fo ... noist for the storing ... a ... agile monkeys are ... n ... enters, and painters. ... inal ... d successful method ... of ... gs about the place; ... Workmen put in plenty of ... h is rather stouter than the ... , but he has a commanding ... singing voice, which he ... roceeds. The entry of the ... ed Ark with the first scurry ... Disney medley, only to be ... unnier scene in the crowded ... he weather is rough, and ... er more varied sorrow and ... bserved on the choppiest ... Finally, however, the rain ... es, and Noah lets the dove ... h the olive branch, he and ... he top deck to sing and ... ers the gang-plank, and ... go prancing, creeping, and ... er on board, has, however, ... came in two by two, but ... by young hopefuls!

rtesy of United Artists.

ATHER NOAH'S ARK," A SILLY SYMPHONY IN COLOUR.

A ROD IN PICKLE.

Gran'pop the Disciplinarian.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

Crazy Week.

During the last few days of the late year, the old order went for nothing and everyone did as he fancied. For instance, the Cottesmore met at Market Overton on Friday in lieu of their pukka Thursday, thereby laying themselves open to the accusation of poaching on Quorn preserves. However, the latter retaliated to good purpose, as they really rang the bell after meeting at Gaddesby. Cream Gorse and Ashby Pastures provided two preliminary canters, but the real high-class stuff started from the Gaddesby Hall cabbages. First-rate fun—some said the best hunt they had ever had; others that it needed to be just a shade faster to come into the historical category; but the noble Lord with horses advertised for sale clearly enjoyed it, and there is no doubt he asks his quadrupeds a few general-knowledge questions. The fox was satisfactorily marked to ground before his well-contented pursuers went home to a gala tea to celebrate the run.

The Belvoir suffered from a slight error of judgment next day after their Langar appointment. The fox question in the vale is always a difficult one, and it was a pity that two well-preserved inhabitants of the Granby Gap stickheap should have been chopped. The blankness of Harby rubbed salt in the wound; but Hose Thorns did its best to put things right, and, in spite of moderate scenting conditions, there was adequate afternoon amusement, extending as far as Goadby. That night, all the inventive genius of the country concentrated on the attempt to amuse, baffle, or excite admiration by means of funny, mysterious, or beautifying fancy dresses. Let the stigma of unoriginality be for ever removed from fox-hunters—for Craven Lodge was the scene of the most wonderful collection of outfits ever seen out of the Albert Hall. Mariegold gives details on another page.

LADY CYNTHIA NORTH is the only daughter of Lord Guilford. She was photographed at the East Kent meet at her father's place, Waldershare Park, near Dover.

New Year's Day. This was quite well marked by the Quorn from Ab Kettleby. Cant's Thorns foxes are not inspired, and the one first found was, as usual, a curly creature, who soon got himself conveniently lost. Then, from Marriott's Spinney, a much better sample gave a good turn to Ragdale Wood. But by far the best part of the day followed the discovery of an outlier near Shoby; he clearly knew "what's what," and picked a good line which was much enjoyed by those with sufficient determination and/or a second horse to see the thing through.

Further Fogginess. It was a grave disappointment to arrive at Coles Lodge and find the fog there before us. The Cottesmore did their best to go through the motions of hunting, but it was hopeless, and a large gathering went home early, lamenting. Poor Lady Manton was extra unlucky, having taken a bad fall on the flat. Harston next morning was as gloomy for the Belvoir, but a most gallant attempt to make a day of it resulted in a very fine hound hunt. From the Belvoir Woods across to Coxton Park; by Swallow Hole, on to Saltby, and round in a big ring to Bescaby Oaks was a most creditable performance, and every bouquet available should be thrown to the management for carrying on under such adverse conditions.

A "Beaufort-shire" Budget. Quite fun from Ashley, fast at times and less so at others, but lots of wall-leppin' throughout a busy day, with three good hunts to it, the last generally voted the best. Passing Ilsome we missed about half the customary contingent, who have gone off to Switzerland, not having calculated on so much winter-sporting as home life provided before Christmas! The generous bestowal of mounts is duly appreciated by those on the "lucky list," meanwhile. How many times did we cross the Tetbury railway? George's Gorse and Stadboro, followed by Newnton Gorse, all rightly pet coverts, each gave us a fox and a hunt, and the day finished with "Who-whoop!" back at the first-named, after an hour-long gallop, which was all very soothing and satisfactory. Not so Thursday's events, when the unfortunate ones who sallied forth to Highway Common were in for a day on the downs, in the teeth of a semi-blizzard, too! Ugh!

It appears that hounds moved off without grace for the late, who, seeing the sleet, had turned over again, humming "It's nice to get up, etc.," with most sad results, as the chase was just getting well down to it in the Vale with their first fox when these Naughties met him *and* them, and it was a case of "right about face" and back to those hills, where, for penance, the rest of an occasion over which we may kindly draw the veil, was spent. Which brings us to Friday, with Master and the lady pack very busy from Tormarton. Not a great day, mind you, but plenty doing, bustling along between Dodington and Durham, with a spot of "walling," out right-handed of Tolldown, and then another merry burst from Bennett's Gorse, round and about, with the right finish at the end of a bright twenty-five minutes or so.

MR. and MRS. SMITH BINGHAM were snapshotted when in deep conversation with MRS. DUNN, when the Warwickshire met at Farnborough Hall.

The Hundreds of Hullington.

Meanwhile there was Saturday—very much so! What a field! It makes one break out all over to think of it again! In bands of hundreds they roamed the Stanton country, and, as they kept heading foxes, the proceedings were inevitably somewhat circular, whilst it is to be feared that large holes were left in the natural defences of this unfortunate patch of country, which is so much less suited to a really "big push" than the Tetbury arena. Anyhow, hounds kept going, without pause, hour after hour, mile after mile, till we were all fatigued and giddy, and our noble Master, pressed upon from all sides, was not too pleased! An extended tour, with more "gas" to it, took us to the corner of Draycot and then back again over the old course; but later we got well away into the country between Leighdelamere and Yatton Keynell. We ended up in Castlecombe, and so did the fox—if you want to know more, ask Ted! Mrs. Napier had a bad fall near Leighdelamere, when her horse failed to rise at a fence with a rail in it and rolled over on his rider, who fractured two ribs and was taken to Chippenham Hospital.

That night the Avonvale Hunt Ball took place at Bowden House, but we were all sorry that Mr. Macauley, who had so generously lent it again, was prevented from being present himself, owing to the serious condition of his mother, who has met with an accident out in Canada, where he had just been visiting her. There were quite a lot of Us at this party, including the Spicers, Keith Menzies, Lysleys, Mr. John and Miss Rachel Pope, Miss Anne Dixon, Miss Rosemary Schweder, and a party from Greenways. Lord St. Aldwyn and Lady Delia Hicks-Beach, fresh from the coming-of-age festivities the week before, came with their Fuller kinsfolk.

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE is Joint-Master of the Warwickshire. The Hunt wedding present to him on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Rachel Wrey took the form of his portrait. This group was taken during the presentation, when hounds met at Farnborough Hall, and shows (l. to r.) LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, and MR. RONALD HOLBECH, Chairman of the Hunt Committee, who made the presentation.

"CHRISTOPHER BEAN" SCREENED—
WITH MARIE DRESSLER AND LIONEL BARRYMORE.

MISS MARIE DRESSLER and MR. LIONEL BARRYMORE co-star in the screen version of "The Late Christopher Bean," as Abby, the servant-girl, and as Dr. Haggett.

When Dr. Haggett finds that the pictures given him by the late Chris Bean for a bad debt are of great value, he becomes a rapacious schemer. He is arguing with his servant Abby about Bean's portrait of her.

The frantic search for pictures by the late Christopher Bean is here in progress. The characters are Mrs. Haggett (BEULAH BONDI), Warren (RUSSELL HARDIE), and Abby (MARIE DRESSLER).

In this "still" of "The Late Christopher Bean," now at the Empire, the characters are Rosen (JEAN HERSHOLT), Dr. Haggett, Abby, Mrs. Haggett, Ada (HELEN SHIPMAN), Warren, and Susan (HELEN MACK).

The struggle for the possession of Bean's portrait of Abby is very fierce. Dr. Haggett (LIONEL BARRYMORE; l.) and Abby are disputing about it.

"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" was originally a French play about French people. It was given a New England locale and played in the U.S.A., and was then produced in London as a British story with a Welsh servant-girl heroine. It has proved a big dramatic success here, with Mr. (now Sir) Cedric Hardwicke and Miss Edith Evans in the leading rôles—Dr. Haggett and Abby. It has now come to the Empire in its M.G.M. screen form, with those great picture players, Lionel Barrymore and Marie Dressler as Dr. Haggett and Abby. Miss Dressler has just won the Medal of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts in California for 1933. The French Film of the play, "Prenez-garde à la Peinture," comes to Cinema House on Jan. 14.

DICKERY, DICKERY, DOCK!
THE BEAUTIES POSED ROUND THE CLOCK!

Beauty goes all round the clock in Hollywood! The photograph illustrating this was taken at the Fox Film Studio after seven weeks had been spent interviewing and testing 1100 girls to secure twenty-four beauties for "Fox Follies" and "Scandals." The chosen twenty-four were placed under contract. Some of them posed for our Beauty-Time picture on their first day at the studio, wearing their practice clothes for dancing instruction.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

"ALICE AND THOMAS AND JANE," at the Westminster. Alphonse, the Dancing Bear (HENRY WHARTON), astonishes the evil Pierre Laroux (DOUGLAS BURBIDGE) by a display of "all-in" wrestling such as he had never encountered before. The gallant Bruin effects the rescue of the three Budds, Alice, Thomas, and Jane (Sybil Jeffery, Nigel Stock, and Elaine Smorthwaite).

GREAT expectations! Was this going to be another "Ten-Minute Alibi"? Let me say at once—no. "WITHOUT WITNESS," by Anthony Armstrong and Harold Simpson, is not as exciting as the former's firstling. For one reason, it is soon after a very obvious prologue—unhappy marriage, wife's flight, leaving a poisonous sleeping-draught on the table—the authors allow their hero to do an incredible thing. He was the lady's former husband, and to shield her found it necessary to carry the poison bottle back to her flat in order to establish circumstantial evidence that No. 2 had committed suicide. Never in all my twenty-five years' study at Marlborough Street, at the feet of that great magistrate, Mr. F. Mead, have I witnessed such clumsiness and such a facile sop to the police watchdogs! It was not generally observed, but there was a bottle in the house that might have led to serious consequences. Fortunately, the authors' dexterity in handling police ways and manners (albeit at times in more fictionist than realistic fashion) came to the rescue. The second act is brilliant sleuth-hound and third-degree manner (in the gentle British way) that has great effect.

In the third act things still go crescendo, until the crucial moment of another alibi. It is here that the dramatists lose grip. The play peters out, whereas in "Ten-Minute Alibi" the final moments were the intensest. The acting, especially of the detectives, Messrs. Clarence Bigge and Frederick Piper, and the police doctor, Mr. Clifford Marquand, and Mr. Hugh E. Wright, who made a real trenchant study of the Inspector in charge of the case, was effective. Miss Marion Fawcett and Mr. Terence Downing, too, deserve a word of praise; but the hero and heroine, Mr. Ian Hunter and Miss Cecily Byrne, had a very difficult task to make their figures come to life.

Here Sherriffs has drawn an imaginary interview between a character of "WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE" and the hero of "ALICE AND THOMAS AND JANE." Carnduff (right; JOHN HOBBS) of "What Happened to George," is saying to Thomas (NIGEL STOCK), of "Alice and Thomas and Jane": "I say, Thomas, we saved the great ruby from a gang of unprincipled ruffians." Thomas replies: "Sucks to that, Plumduff. My kid sisters and me saved the British Empire—ask Miss Beringer."

I am an old worshipper at the MASKELYNE shrine (and heaven knows how often I have been duped at that shrine!). The family has now migrated to the Little Theatre, eminently suited for the purpose by its cosy intimacy, and consists of Noel and Mary, aided and abetted by the wily Oswald Williams—Jasper is at present the prodigal son in the provinces. It is an excellent trio, quietly dexterous, subtly foiling, exquisitely urbane in addressing their audience; and Mary is one of the sweetest persons on the stage, and as clever an actress as a "beguiler." Her thought-transference trick is the acme of psychical bamboozling. In the second act we get a pot-pourri of the bag of tricks that consolidated the fame of the firm during sixty years, prominent among them "Find the Lady," which decades ago caused furious controversy. The programme is pleasantly sandwiched by Rita and Elaine Desmond, two charming pianist sisters on twin grands, and by the gentle humour of those two *meistersingers*, Sterndale Bennett and Fred Gregory.

The production of Rutland Boughton's choral drama, "BETHLEHEM," at Church House, in spite of the inherent difficulties presented by an open hall, was a thing of rare beauty. The rendering was impressive, and the dances arranged by Miss Penelope Spencer brought brightness and movement to the picture.

"ALICE AND THOMAS AND JANE," at the Westminster. This episode shows how three sturdy English appetites make their first acquaintance with snails inside "The Black Pig." They are Alice (SYBIL JEFFERY; left), Jane (centre) (ELAINE SMORTHWAITE), and Thomas (NIGEL STOCK).

The music, so essentially part of the drama, captured the mood of the fourteenth-century mysteries, and wove into it the liveliness of English country humours. It is simple and sincere, in perfect harmony with the theme, and Mr. Clive Carey was not tempted by the Oriental scene of Herod's Court to indulge in excess of spectacular effects. This episode hardly belongs to the rest, which is founded on the Coventry Mystery, for "Bethlehem" is English in sympathy and character, though it must be said that Herod's Court offered opportunities which heightened by their vigour the rest of the play. All the chief parts were played with feeling and comprehension, singing with that fervour and dignity which becomes the piece, and they were well supported by the chorus. It was a genuine addition to the Christmas season.

"THE MAN WHO WAS FED UP" comes from the Embassy to the Vaudeville, and Mr. Frederick Witney's farcical comedy only disappoints in its conclusion. This tale of a successful stockbroker who is so fed up with the slavery of social engagements and of work that seems futile, fed up with an extravagant wife whose butterfly purpose in life is to flit from one cavalier to another and one party to the next, that he decides to retire to a Cornish monastery, is full of ingenuities and satirical *bons mots*. It offers Mr. Basil Foster a good part as the disillusioned husband, and Miss Barbara Couper scope to portray the feather-headed wife. The best character-sketch, however, is contributed by Mr. Alistair Sim, as the Scottish lover afflicted with fears in competition with the more youthful and self-centred Kenneth, neatly drawn by Mr. Basil Oulton.

There are amusing trappings farcically emphasised by Miss Josephine Middleton and Mr. Desmond Keith. Unfortunately, Mr. Witney's resourcefulness does not hold out to the end, for the happy-ever-after conclusion, where the wife has learned her lesson and the swains have been sent about their business, is too mechanical a wind-up to a tale with so much spice and point in it.

"REUNION IN VIENNA" WITH LYNN FONTANNE AND ALFRED LUNT.

MISS LYNN FONTANNE as Elena in "Reunion in Vienna," by Robert E. Sherwood, at the Lyric.

Bredzi (ALADAR SIO; l.) and Jansci (HERMAN LEVY; r.) provide a musical accompaniment to the wooing of Elena (LYNN FONTANNE) by her old lover, Rudolf Maximilian von Hapsburg (ALFRED LUNT).

"Reunion in Vienna" is described by "The Times" as an American play that is like a Viennese waltz. The story is how a number of Viennese aristocrats seek to recall the golden days before the Revolution—for one night only. Rudolf tries to win back his former mistress, Elena, now happily married to Dr. Anton Krug. His victory is a Pyrrhic one.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THOUGH the majority of the West-End cinemas are retaining their successful holiday programmes, there is, on the very threshold of a year that promises to be momentous in the history of screen-drama, an event of paramount importance to set down. It is the showing of "THUNDER OVER MEXICO," at the Marble Arch Pavilion. The history of the picture is an unusual one. I cannot do better than quote the opening words of Upton Sinclair's introductory remarks to this monumental production. Mr. Sinclair, the famous author, who is the picture's principal sponsor, says: "The man who directed, Sergei Eisenstein, was born in Russia, and grew up in the midst of war and revolution. Cruel forces shaped his soul and taught him a tragic view of life. He came to Hollywood expecting to make a picture for one of our big companies, and discovered that his Russian view of life did not fit in with American optimism."

Encouraged by Mr. Sinclair and his friends, Eisenstein, whose two most notable works, "Potemkin" and "Ten Days that Shook the World," all serious filmgoers will remember, set forth for Mexico, intending to make a simple travelogue. The travelogue gradually expanded into a cycle of five pictures. Eisenstein was fascinated by the subjects he found, and the wealth of material that resulted from fourteen months' sojourn in the country almost overwhelmed his backers. No wonder—the director shot no less than thirty-five miles of film! Then, before he could cut it, he was recalled to Russia. The cutting of the picture in America has been much criticised, but it is claimed that Eisenstein's ideas and methods have been faithfully carried out, and certainly "Thunder Over Mexico" emerges as a thing of rare beauty and tremendous power, with the outlook of the great Russian director stamped on every inch of it.

"WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE," at Wyndham's. Brave little George Maitland (DESMOND TESTER), sequestered in the haunted west wing of Ferncombe Towers by the wicked housekeeper, is disturbed by weird noises in the night.

A silent picture, it needs no dialogue to reveal its purpose. Its opening shots carry the history of Mexico back to its mighty beginnings, to which the ruins of the Maya and the Aztec periods bear proud testimony. Their glories come swiftly to decline and fall. An era of violence and oppression, during which the peons were ground beneath the heel of the *hacendados* under the feudal system introduced by Porfirio Diaz, is embodied in the story of Sebastian, bereft of the girl he loves and hounded to an awful death. His fate gives the signal for revolt and the birth of a new Mexico. Eisenstein handles his theme with the dignity and simplicity of high tragedy.

A charming fantasy, made in France by Mr. and Mrs. L. Starowitch, who also hail from Russia, forms a gay prelude to the sterner stuff of "Thunder Over Mexico." Starowitch was responsible for "The Magic Clock," and "THE MASCOT" is a welcome addition to his work in plastic models. The dream revels of discarded dolls and the jetsam of the dust-bins find an adorable hero in a fat little toy puppy, whose escapades echo in their own way the humour of Walt Disney's cartoons. It is interesting to note that Mr. and Mrs. Starowitch made the picture entirely in their own home.

The delightful French comedy by René Fauchois, so ably adapted by the young Welsh actor-author, Emlyn Williams, under the title of "The Late Christopher Bean," comes to the screen as "CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (Empire), having changed its locale from France, *via* Wales, to New England on the way. This story of a painter's posthumous fame, that spreads greed and dishonesty in the humdrum household of a country doctor, where the forgotten and despised canvases suddenly open up vistas of untold wealth, has an ironical edge to its humour, and an undercurrent of shrewd observation to keep its interest at a steady level. Moreover, those two grand old artists of the screen, Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore—she as the faithful help who loved the penniless painter and remains faithful to his memory; he as the struggling doctor whose native integrity yields to temptation—join issue here in a duel of loyalty against cupidity. The comic interludes inserted for the benefit of Miss Dressler, funny as they are, do not entirely disguise the stage origin of the play.

"WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE," at Wyndham's. Wee George (DESMOND TESTER) is being tortured by the wicked housekeeper (ESMÉ BERINGER) and her husband, the butler (ARTHUR WONTNER). They wish him to make a false confession.

"WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE." George Maitland, aged ten (DESMOND TESTER), armed with smile and the national weapon of offence, the cricket bat!

"WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE," at Wyndham's. Fatty Bill (ROBERT ATKINS), a great-hearted tramp and friend of all the little ones, endeavours to excite the appetite of Zara (DIANA WONG), a gipsy waif, with a doubtful "'arf a bloater."

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page IV.

BRONZED AND PORCELAINED MARGUERITE AGNIEL.

MARGUERITE AGNIEL, the dancer, is well known for the methods by which she combines the art of the dance with hygiene for the body. For years she has written and lectured on the dance in relation to health; and her book, "The Art of the Body," was a best-seller among those interested in physical culture. She bases her methods on the movements of the cat family, a study of Oriental postures, and an analysis of pictorial and sculptural design; and she has produced a unique combination of the practical and the artistic. The beautiful sculptural studies on this page show her in a number of poses which have a classic beauty. They are among the illustrations in her recently published book, "Body Sculpture." Her skin is coated with a preparation which makes it resemble bronze; or another which gives a porcelain effect.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"MAY just as well give up the effort, and let yourself drift down the popular stream. I swore that I 'd make no more guesses at what Roosevelt has in his mind. But it 's impossible."

"Well, what has he ?"

"America," The City Editor answered for The Broker. "America all the time."

"And the rest nowhere ?"

"Nowhere—unless he considers it is to America's advantage that the rest should be considered."

"I 'm not so sure," and The Jobber knitted his brows. "Old Roosevelt isn't a bad sort, to my way of thinking. You 'll see his policy come home ; mark my words."

"You think he will get the dollar down to half its former price ?"

"If so," surmised The City Editor, "Great Britain will very likely follow, and we shall see the pound sterling drop to ten shillings."

"It 's only about thirteen-and-six now——"

"But what do you mean by saying the pound will be worth ten bob ? Supposing it is, and that I go into a shop to buy something marked twelve-and-six——"

"Johnnie Walker, Haig, White——"

"I give the man a one-pound note, worth, you say, ten shillings. Will he want half a crown more, to make up the twelve-and-six ?"

"Are you endeavouring to be humorous at our expense ?" enquired The City Editor, leaning forward as he spoke. "Or is this some airy figment too subtle for my pedestrian brain to follow ?"

"What I want to know," declared The Jobber, "is the practical, everyday meaning of the pound becoming worth ten shillings in certain circumstances. Can't you answer me that ?"

"The meaning is that your one-pound note will buy ten shillings-worth of gold."

"I don't want gold. What 's the use of gold to me ? You can't eat the metal or smoke it or wear it."

He was clearly bent upon cornering them, if possible.

"Of course not. But your eats and drinks and smokes are priced in terms of gold. And if the pound drops to ten shillings——"

"Everything will cost precisely twice as much as it did before."

"Oh, no," The City Editor protested. "Even now, a pound buys something less than fourteen shillings-worth of goods."

"At that rate, the price of living must have automatically increased by nearly fifty per cent."

"Again you 're wrong."

("I don't seem to be getting near the top of the class this morning," murmured the enquirer.)

"The effect of the devaluation of the pound and of the dollar would be to put up prices—in the ordinary course of events. But, owing to over-production or under-consumption, whichever you choose to call it, prices have rather gone down than up."

"Sounds illogical."

"It 's anomalous to the point of absurdity. But there it is."

"Roosevelt——"

"Means to get the position righted by forcing prices up again. And if he succeeds, you 'll see a general advance in this country, too."

"Things are pretty cheap, you know," began The Broker.

"As cheap as they are likely to be," affirmed The City Editor. "I thought we had seen the lowest prices a year ago, but I was mistaken."

"They may go lower."

"Not much chance of that. The weight of world opinion is that a general advance is the broadest road to international prosperity——"

"Say it with flowers," The Jobber entreated. "Or, stay : hire me a yacht and take me January sale-ing."

"Better stick to the Stock Exchange, and catch the merry breeze of business," The Engineer suggested. "There ought to be plenty of opportunities."

"I want to buy things in the shops before I am called upon to put up an extra sixpence on my one-pound note in order to get a half-guinea overcoat."

"Hopeless proposition, isn't he ? Hopeless. Shall we put him into a strait waistcoat ?"

"You put me into Courtaulds, Brokie," laughed The Jobber. "I owe you a turn for doing that. And next ?"

"By the way, haven't those Indian gold-mines gone ahead ! The rises in the last week or two——"

The Broker tried not to look self-conscious, but he failed dismally. It is no easy matter to refrain from a preening of plumes when Stock Exchange advice has landed friends into a decent profit.

"Got anything else up your sleeve for the New Year ?" asked The Merchant.

"I fancy Argentine Railway stocks. Bags ; Central Argentine ; Buenos Ayres Western——"

"Yes," said The Jobber. "Sort of thing where there 's a two-point price on one day, you can't sell the stocks on the next, and there 's a revolution every fortnight or so."

"No doubt you 're right, Brokie. But we are not trust companies——"

"And what little spare cash we have, we want to lay out in something which will give us a run for the money."

"Argentine Railway stocks," repeated The Broker.

"Don't be so obstinate. Say rubber or oil or tea or iron and steel or breweries or shipping or—what else is there ?"

"Not a great deal, so far as I can remember. You 've missed textiles, rayons, sugar shares, electric lighting, motors and tyres, bricks——"

"Thanks for that Marston Valley brick tip of yours," The Engineer nodded. "I paid quite a few of my Christmas bills out of that. Good egg, it was."

"There 's a little thing called Coronet Brick that 's not going to hurt anybody," said The Broker cautiously.

"H'm. Bricks are not the things I 'd choose for my own coronet," mused The Jobber. "Still — you think they 're all right ?"

"The prospects are O.K. I 've given you worse tips."

"What makes you lovable," observed The Merchant critically, "is your readiness to own up to losers——"

"Now, don't you start talking about Dog shares. I know all about it. And one day, if you 're sufficiently patient, you will come home. But meanwhile you must wait ; and that's a rotten job, I know."

"English Sewing Cotton I was told to pick up if I can get them reasonably."

The Broker "pshawed." "What 's the good of saying 'reasonably' ?" he demanded. "Do you mean at to-day's price or last month's ? Or next month's ?"

"The New Year seems to have quickened your sense of perverted humour," The City Editor told him. "By 'reasonably' I should understand a price fairly near to what has been quoted lately. Isn't that right ?"

"Not too bad," was The Jobber's reply. "How about Cottons, Brokie ?"

"Not too bad," was the unconscious repetition. "If I were going to put money into the Industrial Market, I would have Imperial Tobacco and Carreras and one or two of the other tobacco shares. But Imps, and Carreras especially."

"Think the tea boom 's finished ?" asked The Engineer.

"They say in Mincing Lane that it isn't," The Merchant answered. "No ; I fancy we shall see a very good market for tea shares throughout this year. With prices on the rise. What will happen after that I can't say."

"Can't you really ? But how sadly shortsighted——"

It took three solid minutes and a ten-shilling note to persuade the guard that the communication cord had been pulled by accident, and not by intent.

Friday, Jan. 5, 1934.

"GAS MASKS OF THE GAS INDUSTRY" is the title which Fred May suggests for this group of caricatures of important people in the Gas World. MR. J. R. W. ALEXANDER is Secretary of the Institution of Gas Engineers ; SIR FRANCIS GOODENOUGH, C.B.E., is Vice-President and Executive Chairman of the British Commercial Gas Association and Joint Hon. Secretary of the National Gas Council. DR. E. F. ARMSTRONG is a Director of the South Metropolitan Gas Company. SIR DAVID MILNE-WATSON is Governor and Managing Director of the Gas Light and Coke Company. MR. R. E. GIBSON is Controller-General of the Liverpool Gas Company, and has served on many national Gas Committees. He is a former President of the Institution of the Gas Industry, of which Colonel W. M. Carr is the President-elect.

A ONE-WOMAN PARADE OF CHARLES II.'S LOVES.

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER as LOUISE DE LA KEROUAILLE, DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.

As CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA, the QUEEN.

As NELL GWYNN.

MISS CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER, the American actress and exponent of the art of "Solo-Drama," has followed up her pageant of the Wives of Henry VIII. with one of "The Loves of Charles II.", which has roused great enthusiasm in the U.S.A. She begins her series with a character-sketch of Henrietta Maria, the mother of Charles II., known as "La Reine Douloureuse." The second personality to be introduced [*Continued opposite*

Continued.]
is a Dutch Tavern Wench, a consolation of the Prince's exile in Breda; and in the third we see one of the famous figures of the Restoration Court, Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, the ancestress of the Dukes of Grafton. The fourth lady is Louise de la Kerouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, the high-born French favourite and ancestress of the Dukes of Richmond and Gordon. The next on the list is Nell Gwynn, ancestress of the Dukes of St. Albans; and the sequence closes with Queen Catherine of Braganza, the wife of the Merry Monarch, whom he also loved—after his fashion.

As A DUTCH TAVERN WENCH, at Breda.

As BARBARA VILLIERS, DUCHESS OF CLEVELAND.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

Moralists, like other men, are fallible; one cannot expect them to practise what they preach. Still, I was surprised to read of Jean de La Fontaine, the author of the Fables, that he was "one of the idlest, the most reckless, the most frivolous and dissipated of men." True, "he was likewise one of the most lovable and charming, as assuredly he was one of the most gifted." But neither his vices nor his virtues are those we expect to find in a moralist. A moralist has as little business to be lovable and charming (one feels) as to be idle, reckless, frivolous, and dissipated. Perhaps the explanation is that La Fontaine was not a moralist at heart. His "*Contes,*" published in 1665, three years before the Fables, were anything but elevating in tone, and though in an illness towards the end of his life he became devout and "acknowledged the impropriety" of the "*Contes,*" the sudden *volte-face* is not quite convincing: it reminds one of the proverb about the Devil's sick-bed conversion. And the Fables, though they nearly all possess a moral, seldom illustrate the triumph of virtue over vice; their usual theme is the victory of intelligence over stupidity — a very different matter.

Zoological Inexactitudes.

La Fontaine himself, in his preface to the Fables, observes that—

> There is much to be learnt from them besides morality. They instruct us in the different properties and characters of the animals, and thereby in our own as well; since we are an epitome of all that is good and evil in the non-rational creatures. . . . Children, being newcomers in the world, do not yet know its inhabitants: they do not know themselves. They should not be left in this ignorance longer than can be helped: they must be taught what a lion is, and a fox, and so on, and why a man is sometimes compared to one or the other.

No doubt there is something in this, but the child who based his knowledge of the animal kingdom on the Fables, which La Fontaine adapted from Æsop, would get but a shaky grounding in zoology. His mind would be full of grape-eating foxes, of cats and eagles nesting in the same tree, of lions making love to shepherdesses, of singing swans and other marvels, compared to which the Monster of Loch Ness is as unremarkable a phenomenon as an earthworm on the lawn. There is very little "observation of Nature," in the modern sense of the term, to be found in the pages of La Fontaine; he uses birds and beasts to embody certain moral ideas; his view of Nature is almost entirely anthropomorphic. The Ant symbolises industry; the Grasshopper frivolity. Of the vices of the ant, lately exposed by Professor Huxley, he knows nothing. Nor is he always consistent in his use of symbolism. The Ass, as a rule, stands for folly; but on one occasion, by a simple trick that none the less denotes cunning, it gets the better of its master.

These considerations, however, do not at all detract from the essential charm and instructiveness of the Fables. They make the best possible reading, and now, thanks to Mr. Edward Marsh's inspired translation, they can be enjoyed by the unlearned or the lazy, as well as by those who have the skill or the determination to tackle them in the original French.

> It is almost a commonplace of French criticism [says Mr. Marsh] that La Fontaine does not "travel": he is too purely French; no foreigner can expect or be expected to taste him fully. I wonder if this is true. I have always thought that several of his characteristics give him a special appeal to English minds: his sympathy with animals and with trees, his unpretentious manner, his dislike of rhetoric and formality, and, above all, his pervasive humour (often so much akin to Chaucer's), which puts in an appearance somewhere or other in nearly every fable.

COLETTE, the novelist, finds time to experiment with beauty preparations, as well as to write books! She is here seen in her beauty parlour, surrounded by pots of her new face-creams and lotions.

An Admirable Translation. The force of these contentions is immediately apparent, yet of themselves they would not suffice to make an English rendering of the Fables a success. A man may possess the qualities we most admire, and yet, owing to some superficial defect, some trick of speech or manner, they will not be enough to make us like him. He remains, as far as we are concerned, a treasury of dead merits. Mr. Marsh has the translator's supreme gift of imparting life to his renderings; he mingles his own creative impulse with them, and gives us, not a soulless copy of the original, but an English counterpart, in which we are aware, not of the translation, but of the idea germinating, taking root, and blossoming. His vocabulary is choice and copious; his use of language subtle and supple; his rhythms, with their steady march, artfully varied with broken cadences, are a continual delight and surprise. His occasional modernisations and topical references, like his bold colloquialisms, make his work seem as fresh as paint, and, without impairing their air of antique wisdom, brush away any cobwebs that may have collected on the Fables during their passage down the ages. His footnotes have the authority of scholarship without its pedantry, and a charming touch of humour as well. Here is his version of "The Fox and the Grapes"—

> A Scottish Fox (or Cymric, others say),
> Half dead with hunger, saw one day,
> High on a vineyard wall, a bunch
> Of purple grapes whose bloomy skin
> Was earnest of the lusciousness within.
> The gallant would have liked them for his lunch;
> But since they hung beyond his utmost straining,
> "They 're green," said he, "and fit for snobs to munch."
>
> I like his pose: 'twas better than complaining.

How things get misrepresented by oral transmission! I had no idea that the fabulist commended the fox for pretending to despise the grapes.

The book is beautifully illustrated by Mr. Stephen Gooden. Could the buyer bring himself to part with it, it would make a charming gift. Mr. Marsh has done his work supremely well, and it should soon be recognised as a classic.

"Oppermann." "Oppermann" is no doubt a salutary novel. It tells of the sufferings endured by a distinguished Jewish family in Germany at the hands of the Nazis. Berthold, one of the most promising boys at the academy, is driven to suicide; Gustav Oppermann, his uncle, a

[*Continued on page 80.*

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE received his knighthood in the New Year's Honours List. His wife, MISS HELENA PICKARD, and their infant son are here posed with him. He has been associated with a number of record long runs—"The Farmer's Wife" (1329 performances); "Yellow Sands" (619); "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" (529); "Show Boat" (350); and "The Apple Cart" (285). He has also made a great success in "The Late Christopher Bean." During the war he served in France from 1915—1922, and was the last British officer to leave the war zone. He was in bed with influenza when his knighthood was gazetted.

SUN-WORSHIPPING ON FOGGY NEW YEAR'S NIGHT!

The only place in London where "sun-worship" could be indulged in on New Year's Day was the Albert Hall! "Sun-worship" was the theme for the decorations at the CHELSEA ARTS CLUB BALL, and the Hall was dominated by the huge decoration designed by A. J. Munnings, the R.A., which, it will be remembered, was reproduced in colours in "The Sketch" issue of December 27. Thousands of revellers successfully arrived at the Ball, in spite of the thick fog. Here's a view of the crowded dance-floor. Can you find yourself?

THE LITERARY LOUNGER. *(Continued from Page 78.)*

man of great culture and refinement, is taken to a Nazi "correction" camp, and so ill-treated that his health never recovers, and his great work on Lessing remains unwritten. On every hand we see the Jews, men of intelligence and excellent citizens, persecuted and tormented by "nationalists" who seem to be neither—a pack of hooligans, in fact. It is a wretched and depressing story; its great length makes it more depressing still.

As a work of art it is not specially striking. There are too many characters, and, to tell the truth, one has grown a little tired of novels about large German families, whether Jew or Gentile. Herr Feuchtwanger made his name as a historical novelist; he constructed out of the past a romantic backcloth, against which the persons of the story made impressive and passionate, though not always very intelligible, gestures. Now that he has transformed himself into a realist, he gets too close to his subject, and is unable to give it the imaginative unity (say) of "Jew Süss." Moreover, even as propaganda "Oppermann" suffers from one's consciousness of the author's partisanship. Had it been written by a detached observer, its indictment of Nazi methods and ideals would have carried more weight. Still, the charges are terrible enough, and, since the description of acts of cruelty calls out the most vivid qualities of Herr Feuchtwanger's imagination, he has at any rate partially achieved his object: he has struck a blow for his race against their persecutors, he has made a protest which cannot easily be answered.

"Portrait of a Murderer." It requires skill to make an "inverted" detective story interesting, but in "Portrait of a Murderer" Anne Meredith has succeeded, partly by keeping the reader in suspense as to the ultimate fate of the criminal, but even more by her characterisation. It would be difficult to find anywhere (let us hope) such unpleasant people as Adrian Gray and five of his six children. Ruth is an exception; but if the remaining five had murdered each other, as well as their father, the world would have been better off—except, perhaps, for the loss of Brand. The author does not merely state that Brand had great art in him, she makes us feel it, which is no mean achievement. The motive for the crime was reasonable, given such people, and the murderer holds one's attention and in no small degree one's sympathy also.

"Leonardo da Vinci the Artist." Leonardo da Vinci is a name to conjure with; in all the history of art, there is none, perhaps, to equal it for romance and mystery and glamour. Mr. MacCurdy's book, as its title states, is concerned with the artist, not the man—the artist whose foible it was rarely to finish any work he undertook, and round whose few extant works controversy has raged as fiercely as the warriors and horsemen in his famous (but, as usual, unfinished) battle-piece. Mr. MacCurdy brings a scholar's erudition and an artist's judgment to the solution of the many problems arising from Leonardo's work. His book will appeal mainly to the expert, but anyone who has enjoyed Pater's magnificent essay will want to have it on his shelves.

"Me and My Dogs." Lady Kitty Vincent has travelled in many parts of the world and (since adventures are to the adventurous) had many strange experiences. These she sets forth with delightful candour in her latest book, which is part autobiography and part biography. Telling us of herself, she also tells us of the many dogs which, good and bad, stupid and clever, have all contributed something to her happiness. She takes it for granted that her reader is as confirmed a dog-lover as herself; she introduces her pets as her friends, and as such one cannot but welcome them. "Me and My Dogs" is a highly readable book, racily written, gay, witty, high-spirited. Besides enlarging on the pleasures of canine companionship, it gives us, with the authority of an expert, many tips for keeping dogs healthy and happy.

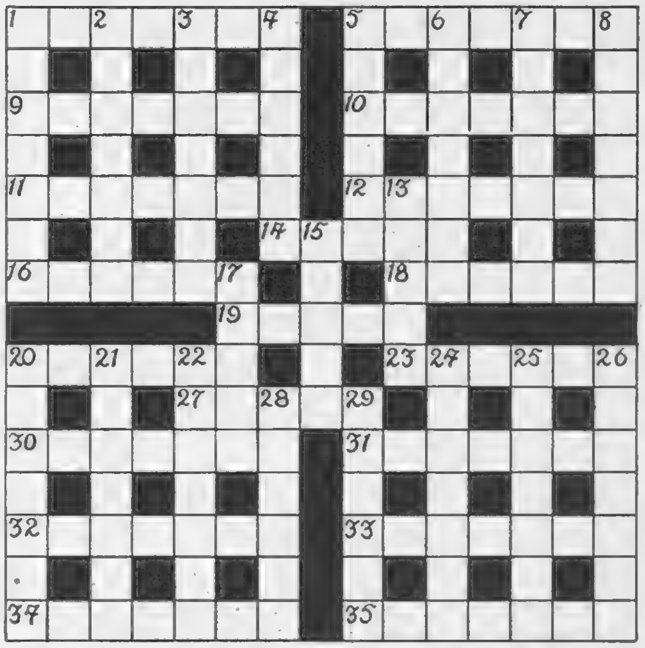
BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Fables of Jean de La Fontaine. Translated by Edward Marsh. *(Heinemann; 10s. 6d.)*
Oppermann. By Lion Feuchtwanger. *(Secker; 7s. 6d.)*
Portrait of a Murderer. By Anne Meredith. *(Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)*
Leonardo da Vinci the Artist. By Edward MacCurdy. *(Cape; 10s. 6d.)*
Me and My Dogs. By Lady Kitty Vincent. *(Country Life; 7s. 6d.)*

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. "Give all" (anag.).
5. To be able to settle on Easy Street with two hundred should be a matter of delight.
9. It certainly looks as if it should have happened here.
10. This lad ought to be at the top of his form at Rugby.
11. Many a woman has twisted them round her little finger.
12. The common herd make the journey in the usual course.
14. He helps her to make them in a measure.
16. My father and I are in an adjective.
18. To tell a fib is especially wrong if by doing so injury is caused to others (hidden).
19. It is easy to see what the chief actor in this equestrian performance did.
20. A way out can be found if we will only try to rouse ourselves.
23. Yes, it is 23.
27. If we add her to the company, both being upset are as clay in our hands.
30. It sounds like a song of farewell.
31. This would seem reasonable for an idiot.
32. Here we have to exercise some authority.
33. "Time ran" (anag.).
34. Forbears.
35. If this puzzle were so you could never do it.



DOWN.

1. It would seem that left is right here.
2. Read and followed.
3. A witness on oath perhaps.
4. He is eligible, one would suppose, for the Seniors' Match.
5. Here you will perceive I enter.
6. The inexperienced youngster becoming mixed up with low company will be very likely to yield to temptation.
7. Terminological inexactitudes (two words).
8. High-balls, perhaps.
13. I could not do anything in the matter, for I only got your message an hour ago (hidden).
15. One who is loth to confess.
17. This sort of carriage is not taxed.
20. "Seed-cap" (anag.).
21. We have come to the end of the coal.
22. They seek to curry favour.
24. A prisoner who is so can never be condemned.
25. "Rum bees" (anag.).
26. During the foggy weather all the trains were late, several of them being fifteen to twenty minutes overdue (hidden).
28. Seaside shelters.
29. This sounds as if it were served on a salver.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, January 15, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page IV) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JANUARY 3.

The "Ribbon" from No. 1 (asterisk) to No. 59 (asterisk) right round the puzzle reads: "Ring Out the Old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the snow, The year is going, let him go, Ring out the false, ring in the true."

ACROSS.—16. Anoint. 17. Negation. 19. Need. 23. Oh. 24. Tea-rose. 25. Leonids. 27. Rule. 28. Sis. 29. N.B. 30. Darts. 31. Duse. 32. Set In. 33. Costs. 34. R.T. 35. N.C.O. 37. Cashew. 38. B.A. 39. Arrear. 41. Ed. 42. And. 43. A.B.C. 44. Aft. 46. Ye. 48. Awn. 49. End. 50. Quavers. 55. Net. 58. Slag. 64. Tig. 65. Iago. 66. Oenone. 67. Enid. 69. W. G. Grace. 70. Treatises. 71. Alp.

DOWN.—1. R.A. 2. Initiated. 3. Nones. 4. Gigantic. 5. On. 6. Ut. 7. T.N.T. 8. Teheran. 9. Eames. 10. Lion Unicorn. 11. Doris. 12. R.N. 13. Inns. 14. Negress. 15. Idolise. 18. Gilt. 20. L.R.B. 21. Eod. 22. God. 26. Deccan. 32. Soar. 36. Cab. 38. Bagehot. 40. R.A. 42. A square. 45. Twaddly. 47. Ensign. 51. Uriah. 52. Veges. 53. Sneer. 54. Nina. 56. Ennis. 57. Ties. 58. Sense. 59. Eggs. 60. Tact. 61. Toro. 62. Got. 63. Reel. 68. I.A.

MRS. W. D. EDWARDS, Craythorne, Faversham, Kent, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle in our issue of Dec. 27 to be first opened on Wednesday morning, Jan. 3, 1934. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

THE SUN HOLIDAY.

The Sun is Life. It was an axiom of the Ancients. In the Dark Ages the power of sunshine as a natural means of health and healing was neglected, but Science, in its sure advance, has led us into the glowing reality of another Sun Age. It is visible in the improved health of nations, in the active minds, the bronzed bodies and the daring and enterprise of modern youth. They are children of the New Sun Age.

The certain enjoyment of sunlight — temperate, healthy sunlight—is one of the stimulating qualities of a visit to South Africa. The ocean voyage, the continuous fresh air, the rest and the completeness of the change—these variations, all in the radiance of Summer warmth, make this holiday one long sun-bath of recuperation.

Furthermore, it is travel arranged with the greatest ease, simply by communicating with The Director, Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, or the leading Tourist Agencies, from whom descriptive booklets (T) and further information may be obtained.

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

Watchman, What of the Year ?

Here we are, well across the threshold of the New Year. What, I wonder, will its golfing history be ? In golf, as in the more serious walks of life, there is in the air a spirit of optimism difficult to define, yet definitely present. On both counts let us hope it will be justified. And I think the hope is reasonable, for though in golf, as in our other occasions, 1933 had its disappointments, the signs and portents were encouraging. Unmistakably, a young generation, both amateur and professional, is growing up to take the place of that which has done duty since the war. It has already done so much towards winning its spurs that I should not be surprised if it were to give us, during the coming season, more than one proved knight. Among the amateurs especially, I have seen a number of young men of great promise in England, Scotland, Ireland, and particularly in Wales. It would all be for the good of the game if the Principality were in the next few years to influence golf as it influenced Rugby football when I was a boy.

A Crowded Season. Golf will soon be in full swing, for the Oxford and Cambridge Society will start the ball rolling with their meeting at Rye, in which its members will battle for the President's Putter and the Secretary's Niblick — a weapon that, in the Irish manner, is a sort of wooden spoon. Hard on the heels of these two competitions come the Universities—Oxford and Cambridge—with their weekly matches in preparation for Formby. After that, in close order, will follow the English Amateur Championship, the Army Meeting, the Royal and Ancient Spring Meeting, and the Walker Cup, all over the Old Course ; the Amateur Championship at Prestwick, of which club the Prince of Wales is the Captain-elect ; the Royal St. George's Champion Cup and the Open Championship at Sandwich ; and the other important tournaments in the golfing calendar. A crowded and interesting season indeed, and that it may be one outstanding British success is a New Year's wish to which we will all subscribe.

This OUTSIZE GOLF CLUB and the BALL were made in preparation for the open golf tournament at the Pasadena Municipal Golf Course in California—just to show that in Pasadena they do things on the grand scale ! From top to bottom of the ladder are Mr. Roland Maxwell, President of the Pasadena Junior Chamber of Commerce, Mrs. James K. Ingham, and Mrs. Jay D. Jones.

MR. REX HARTLEY, BRIGADIER-GENERAL CRITCHLEY, A. H. PADGHAM (Sundridge Park), and C. LACEY (Lakeville Club, U.S.A.) are walking out to the first tee for their second 36-hole, four-ball match—Amateurs v. Professionals—at Addington. They played on level terms. At the first meeting Mr. Hartley and Brigadier-General Critchley won by five and four, and on the second occasion they again won—by one hole.

Two Notable Performances. Meanwhile, although the game has been going through its annual doldrums, there have been two real achievements. I refer to the victories of Rex Hartley and Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, in twice beating A. H. Padgham and C. Lacey, the brother of A. J. Lacey, who has been home on a holiday from Lakeville, his course in America. In two 36-holes matches, over the Old and New Courses at Addington, the amateurs triumphed, and in four-ball matches, too. The golf in both these contests was superlative, especially in the second, where the amateurs, after losing their morning lead and dropping behind early in the afternoon, found their second wind at the psychological moment and won by a single hole on the home green. As a climax to a series of earlier matches between amateurs and professionals, in which the professors conceded a counting start, these two victories on level terms are remarkable and memorable performances. It is hardly too much to say they have added a new paragraph to golfing history.

Birthday Wishes. The other day, the Golf Correspondent of the *Times* paid a charming and well-deserved tribute to John Ball in a message that from circumstance was both a Christmas and a birthday greeting. As only he can, the writer re-created for his readers the atmosphere that surrounded a golfer who in the golden age was the bright particular star round which the constellation of amateurs revolved. Such, at any rate, is the impression that conveyed itself to me in reading. Here, in wishing "many, many happy returns" to the opponent who gave me the greatest honour, thrill, and lesson of my life at golf, I would like to record my own reaction to one who, to me, was also a hero. Even more than his prowess in the game, it was his attitude of mind that so impressed me. There he was, the ninepin at which all aspiring amateurs shot. And he knew it, as everybody else ; yet he was, like the sea and the hills, "in all showing the same, the same in all showing." To him golf was a game, so he played it as such.

A Good Thing and a Joke. While I was in St. Andrews, I came across two good things and what struck me as a joke. First, Henry Gullan, the Secretary of the Royal and Ancient Club, showed me something that must be unique in golf. It was a complete set of wooden clubs, driver, long spoon, middle spoon, short spoon, baffing spoon, driving putter, and putter, all from the master-hand of Philp. But in addition—and this is what makes the collection unique—there was a little club, also with the magic name upon it, and therefore with the same perfection of balance and proportion. It was a child's putter ! I wonder if anywhere it has a fellow ? The joke is connected with a tie ! In Gullan's room I saw a piece of dark-green silk covered with figures of St. Andrew on his cross, in gold. It was the design for the proposed Walker Cup tie. Why a St. Andrew's Cross for a team that even the most ardent patriot can, as things are, not hope to be entirely Scottish ?

MR. R. D. FOSTER (plus 2; left) defeated CAPTAIN A. C. WAITE (14) at the thirty-sixth hole in the final for the Gordon Lennox Cup at Coombe Hill Golf Club. Captain Waite is the racing motorist, and a director of the Austin Motor Co.

We regret that this nightgown cannot be sent on approval, because quantities are limited.

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Exquisite Satin Nightdress, lace trimmed, Sale Price **£1**

Soft Wool Bedjacket, originally 29/6, Sale Price **1 gn.**

HARVEY NICHOLS OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE

MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

Stuck on the main road from Greece into Bulgaria, about fifty miles from Salonika, Lord de Clifford's car is seen being extricated from a trench (a relic of the war) cut across the road. The car was none the worse, and was afterwards driven to the Bulgarian frontier on even worse roads!

LORD DE CLIFFORD, who was accompanied by the author of the article on this page, Mr. H. E. Symons, is here seen enjoying the sunshine by the Acropolis at Athens after his record run from Dieppe to Brindisi, beating the express train by several hours.

The main road from Athens to Salonika at Eleusis has not got a very good surface! In fact, in many places it is knee-deep.

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS . . .

WHOEVER originated the proverb, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," must have known something about Balkan roads! For, once south and west of Austria, the highway deteriorates steadily, often fading out altogether, as frontiers are approached. Like primitive tribes, the people of Balkan countries don't like strangers. They like strange armies still less, and find a cheap and easy way of discouraging invaders is to provide no roads anywhere near the border. This makes things rather difficult for tourists, of course; but what is the convenience of a tourist compared with national security? This is the way they think things out in the Balkan and Danubian States. The result is that none but a hardy adventurer will venture over the frontiers of his country, and the inhabitants on each side view each other with mutual distrust and dislike.

Now, to my mind, the motor-car, aided by good roads, is the greatest messenger of peace that there ever has been. It allows the people of one country to visit easily those of another, to see them at work and at play, to learn to like and understand them, and to realise that they are, after all, just ordinary human beings who live and love as they do. If and when the Hungarians, Bulgarians, Rumanians, Albanians, Yugo-Slavs, and Greeks—not forgetting the Turks—realise the value of easy international communications in promoting *peace*, then an enormous and fascinating tract of Europe will be opened up to tourists.

The other day I was down in Athens for the express purpose of studying Greek roads. In common with a number of other "trouble hunters," I have entered my car for the Monte Carlo Rally, which is due to start in about ten days' time. The route from Athens has always been considered difficult, if not actually impassable; so, before deciding where I should start from this year, I thought I'd go and see just how bad these Balkan roads really are. We made up a party, three of us, and at under two days' notice rushed southwards in Lord de Clifford's new car. Wherever the roads were normal, and not made treacherous by snow and ice, our average speed was nearer fifty than forty miles an hour, and, after a night-and-day run across France to Monte Carlo, right down the Riviera to Pompeii, and finally across the mountains to Brindisi, we found that we had covered 1683 miles in only about 44 hours' running-time, quite by chance beating the express train, which takes a route shorter than ours by 300 miles, yet needs 58 hours to cover it!

But to return to our muttons: in Athens we found that to motor to Salonika was considered a great adventure. One or two tough "he-men"—chauffeurs or couriers—boasted that they had done the journey. They warned us against the dangers of essaying the 360-mile journey by night. But time pressed, and once again we drove on, taking no account of darkness, so that we ran into a landslide on the Thermopylæ Pass, and into bogs and morasses at other points, where nobody had thought of repairing bridges after they had been blown to smithereens during the war.

But the *pièce de résistance*, in the way of roads, was the last twenty miles or so between Salonika and the Bulgarian frontier. There was a road, once, across this marshy Macedonian plain, and one finds a hundred yards or so of it every four or five miles. But the rest is just a wide track, sprawling across the plain, of wagon-ruts picking their way round trenches and shell-holes dating from the last war. One needs to be frightfully careful, even by day, negotiating this stretch. We, being "mad English," tried to get across at night, and grounded heavily, emerging from a ditch cut, by some humourist, across the so-called road. But, extricated next morning none the worse, the car took us on to the Bulgarian frontier, where the road improves, only to deteriorate again where Yugo-Slavia is entered *via* the Dragoman Pass.

I asked the landlord of the inn where we stayed that icy night when we got stuck why the road was so bad. "Are you afraid of the Bulgarians?" I enquired. "No, no!" was his reply; "two, t'ree, four year ago we maka de road, but now de minister he pincha de money! In Greeka, too much pincha! Dat's for why I wanta come to England!"

This amused me rather, following as it did on an experience when landing the car at Piræus. After having been presented with three separate bills for landing and examining the car, one of the party exclaimed, in English: "This, of course, is just another attempt at robbery!" Whereupon a fat, swarthy face was thrust in at the window and its owner retorted: "Sare, ven ve rob in Greece ve rob for five tousan' pounds, *not* for five shillings!"

But away from the seaports, in the little towns among the mountains, we found the people charming, kind, and helpful. Barring this frontier business, great efforts are being made to improve the roads of Greece, and in a few years, perhaps, those in search of winter sunshine will find it in Greece in December.

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

Edited by Olive Caley-Smith

Maria Guy's fascinating mandarin hat is seen in the circled photograph. It is made of purple felt, and should be worn almost straight. The suit is a Marcel Rochas model in reddish-purple wool, with steel clips fastening the waistcoat.

A high boat-shaped collar breaks the severely simple lines of this velvet sweater, which has been specially dyed to a glorious petunia shade. This velvet, made by Joseph Hoyle, incorporates Lastex yarn, which ensures that the stretchable crinkled surface always returns to its original shape.

All the fashion-points of the moment are included in this attractive Lido-blue suit in a novelty weave wool fabric. It has padded rouleaux across the shoulders, curved pockets, and a wide leather belt with ingenious chromium fastenings—all most important. It may be obtained for £4 in several excellent colours for the early spring at Swan and Edgar's, of Piccadilly Circus.

A clever use of the matt and lustrous surfaces of a reversible satin makes this afternoon dress particularly effective, for the contrasts achieved stress its slender lines and subtly flatter the figure. A gleaming panel is carried across the hips and falls to the hem at the side front. In black and a number of lovely rich colours, this also costs £4 at Swan and Edgar's.

SPRING SUITS ARE BROADLY BELTED and AFTERNOON FROCKS ARE TWO-FACED

FACING FACTS ABOUT FIGURES

A Russian influence is clearly discernible in this "Ah-Rams" rest suit, specially designed to add luxury and comfort to leisure hours. Made by hand at Izod's, of 49, Conduit Street, W., the trousers are of knitted silk, and the jacket is made of silk and velour, ornamented with a hand-embroidered monogram and a satin sash. It would be a lovely suit to slip into after a tiring day, when relaxation is the greatest joy.

SMOOTHING AWAY DIFFICULTIES.

Figures talk—one doesn't need to be an accountant to realise that. The point is, what tale does yours tell? Is it an asset, inasmuch as it adds to the effect of any dress you wear? Or is it a liability which constantly confronts you just when you have been making plans which invariably come unstuck just on account of a few extra pounds?

If so, you've certainly got to do something about it without wasting any more precious time, for never have the dress designers been less sympathetic towards those whose curse is "the little more — and how much it is!"

Actually, it is not weight that counts. One sees quite as many awkward thin figures as ungainly heavy ones. And in both instances the fault may be traced to the same cause. Haphazard, unscientific corsetry. Nor does the trouble stop at what happens at the moment. It aggravates any small thing that may be wrong and literally causes defects that do not naturally exist.

Lightness is of supreme importance in foundation garments, for gentle persuasion is now known to succeed where strait-laced methods failed. Bon-Ton girdles and corselettes in "Tu-Way," their exclusive two-way stretch elastic fabric, are a revelation. Moulding surely and firmly, they are yet so light and flexible that they seem literally to breathe with you, and never, never do they ride up.

There are beautifully shaped "Tu-Way" backless corselettes, with uplift lace brassières, available from 39s. 6d., while those who need additional diaphragm control will find an excellent model, with a low back, for three guineas. For the heavier figure there is a fine batiste belt with a shaped panel in front to give extra support and a two-way stretch elastic back. This costs 55s., and ensures a faultlessly smooth line.

Many women prefer a separate belt and brassière. These will appreciate the Bon-Ton fine net brassière with two-way stretch elastic sections and side panels. They cost 32s. 6d., and have long suspenders at each side.

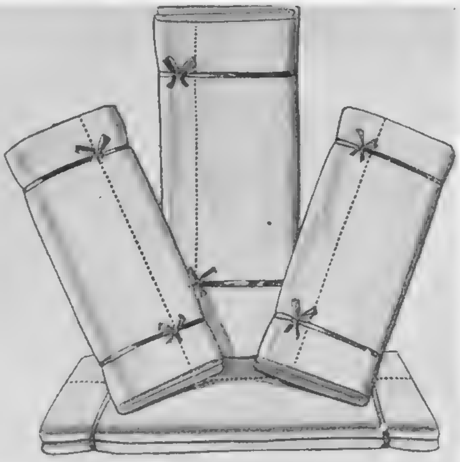
If one cannot at all times avoid the rough patches in life's pathway, one can at least render them more easily endurable by choosing shoes which provide one with perfect balance and unfailing support! The quintette on this page are among the newest models at Lilley and Skinner's, of 358, Oxford Street, W.

A two-tie Ghillie shoe is shown above. In black suède and calf, it has a very firm, well-balanced heel, and it costs 39s. 6d. On the left is a black or brown suède shoe with a low instep bar. This costs 49s. 6d., and has a chromium buckle.

PLEASANT PATHWAYS

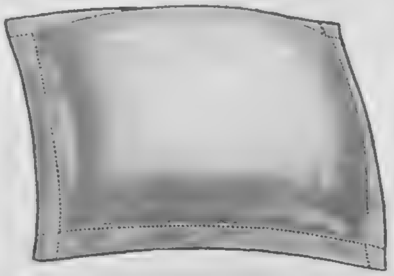
Another combination of brown suède and glacé is shown above, this time in a lighter shoe to accompany spring coats and suits. Beautifully designed, it is a three-tie Derbyette. The price is 45s. 6d. A country shoe in tan willow or black leather is seen below. This is hand made and welted.

Plaits of softest kid ornament these graceful dull glacé court shoes, an interesting detail being the straight-breasted heel which tapers off beneath the arch. They cost three guineas, and are cut to fit the foot as smoothly as a glove.

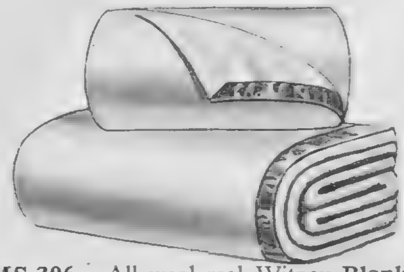


MS.303.—Irish linen hemstitched Sheets.
Single bed size.
Usual Prices 29/6, 39/6, 42/-, and 52/9.
Sale Prices per pair, **21/9, 29/6, 32/9,** and **39/6.**
Double bed size.
Usual Prices 39/6, 49/6, 52/9, and 63/-.
Sale Prices, per pair, **29/6, 37/9, 39/11,** and **49/6**

MS.315.—Embroidered artsylk **Bedspreads,** in gold, green, blue, and helio. Single bed size only.
Usual Price 29/6. **Sale Price 15/-**



MS.302.—"Old Bleach" linen **Pillow Cases,** hemstitched, 20 by 30 in.
Usual Price 5/6. **Sale Price,** each **3/11**
22 by 32 in.
Usual Price 6/11. **Sale Price,** each **4/6**
Plain hemmed, 20 by 30 in.
Usual Price 4/6. **Sale Price,** each **2/11**
22 by 32 in.
Usual Price 4/11. **Sale Price,** each **3/6**



MS.306.—All wool real Witney **Blankets,** blue border. Single bed size.
Usual Price 21/9. **Sale Price,** per pair **14/11**
Double bed size.
Usual Price 27/9. **Sale Price,** per pair **21/-**
Also single bed size.
Usual Price 27/9. **Sale Price,** per pair **21/-**
Double bed size.
Usual Price 32/9. **Sale Price,** per pair **25/11**

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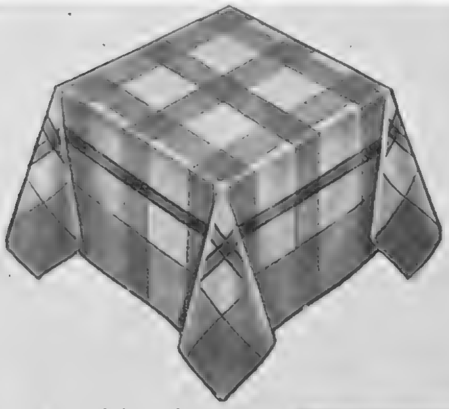
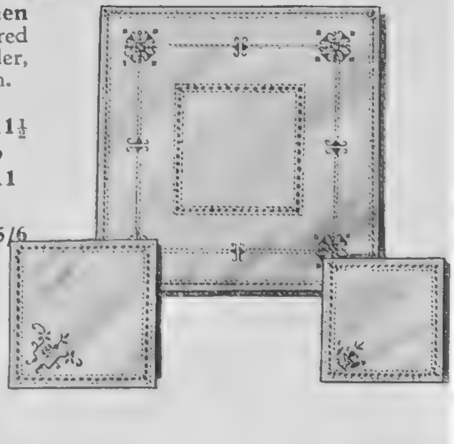


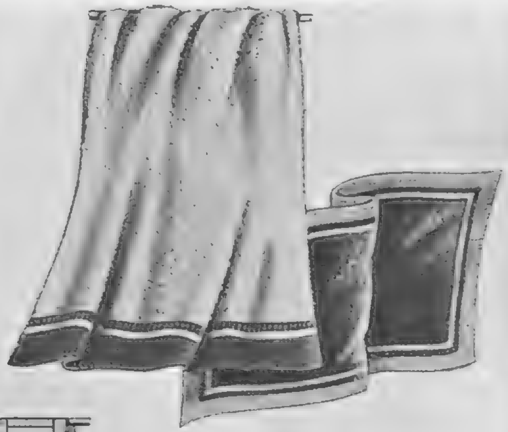
MS.334.—Irish Linen Cloths, with coloured check centre and border, in blue, gold, and green.
Sale Prices,

45 by 45 in. ...	**2/11½**
54 by 54 in. ...	**4/6**
54 by 72 in. ...	**5/11**

Napkins to match, 12 by 12 per dozen **5/6**

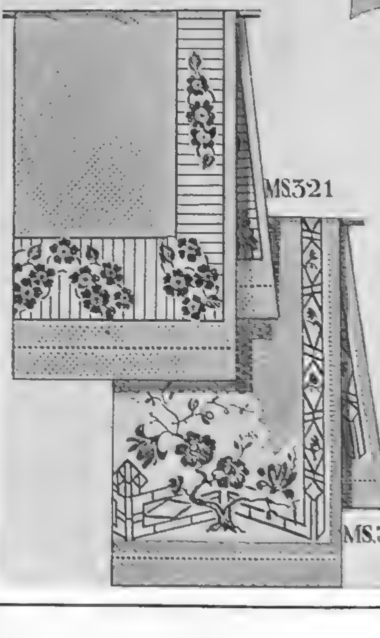


MS,332.—Hand Embroidered Italian Linen Luncheon Sets for 6 people, 13 pieces. Embroidered in blue and green. Usual Price 7/11
Sale Price, the set ... **4/11**



MS.326.—Christy's plain coloured **Terry Towels, Bath Sheets,** and **Bath Mats.**
Colours: pink, blue, green, and gold.
Sale Prices

27 by 47 in. ...	**3/9**
41 by 57 in. ...	**6/3**
42 by 72 in. ...	**7/11**
Bath Mats.	
26 by 45 in. ...	**6/11**



MS.321 and **322.**
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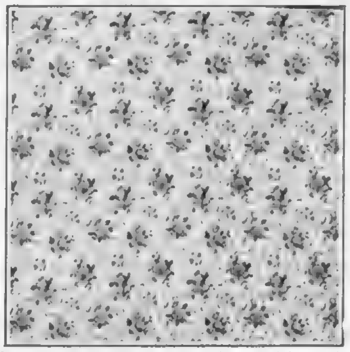

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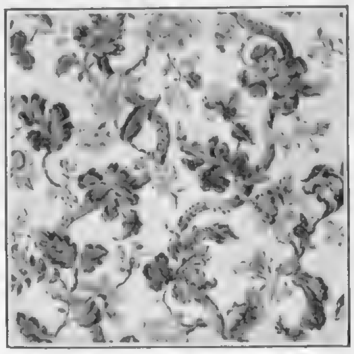

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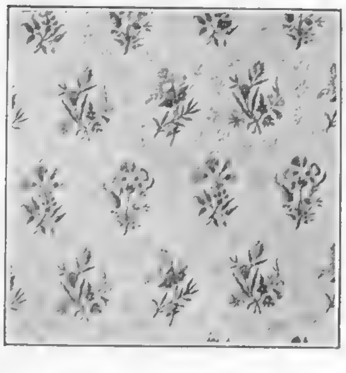

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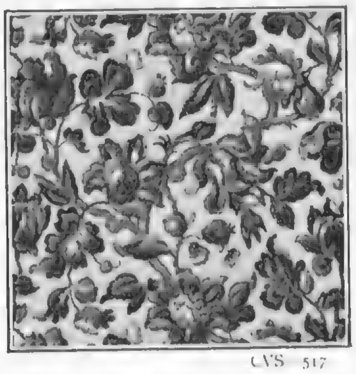

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(See Page 80) 10/1/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DXXXVII.

A PROPHECY FOR 1934!

MANY people are under the impression that auction is dead. As a fact, it is very far from dead—in this country, anyhow—and I fancy that, taking the country all over, there is still as much (if not more) auction as contract played. Do you know that something like half the London clubs play nothing but auction—certain card clubs only allow auction—and, what is even more remarkable, a certain number of one-time contract enthusiasts have given that game a miss and are playing auction again? One of our leading bridge authorities told me the other day that he plays auction three days a week, and enjoys the game immensely—a little more, in fact, than he does contract. The truth is that real *card* players now see (they probably always did, but did not think it politic to say so) what has been pointed out in these notes for years—(*a*) that auction is the better-class game, and (*b*) that slams are a blot on contract. Thus, you see, it is well on the cards that there may be a revival of auction, when, after a few rubbers at it, innumerable contract-players would heave a sigh of relief at being well quit of that game, and all its attendant disfigurements.

For all that, contract with the slam bonus cut in half and the penalty for failure doubled would become a pastime worthy of our attention—a game requiring a certain amount of card sense, and one which no longer would breed ill-will and personal animosity among experts when they are unable to agree about certain points of the game.

But, on the whole, I think 1934 will see the introduction of Bridge-Plafond over here. This game probably was the father of contract, and, judging from the little I know of it, it would seem that the offspring has not inherited its parent's good qualities. In other words, Plafond is very near to contract, but dodges most of contract's bad features. I will tell you more about Plafond next week, and in the meantime my great hope is that, whatever type of bridge we do play over here, we shall play it under English Rules, Ethics, and Sporting Notions—let us brook no outside interference, and don't let us be gulled into looking upon our Law Givers as a set of "ignorant and incompetent old fogies," and our bridge as being "lousy." Our Law Givers are a set of gentlemen, and our bridge, I hope, will remain clean.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—Comedy. Edith Evans, Louise Hampton.

"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" (Haymarket). 8.30.—Thriller. Robert Douglas.

"RICHARD OF BORDEAUX" (New). 8.15.—Historical play. John Gielgud, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies.

"THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Henry VIII. brought to life by Frank Vosper.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" (Queen's). 8.40.—Satirical comedy; with a marvellous part for Marie Tempest.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30.—Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner.

"AFTERWARDS" (Whitehall). 8.30.—Walter Hackett's farce. Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, Gordon Harker.

"WHILE PARENTS SLEEP" (Playhouse). 8.40. Farcical comedy.

"FRESH FIELDS" (Criterion). 8.30.—Comedy. Lilian Braithwaite, Ellis Jeffreys.

"REUNION IN VIENNA" (Lyric). 8.30.—By Robert E. Sherwood; with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

"THAT 'S A PRETTY THING" (Daly's). 8.15.—Lively musical farce by Stanley Lupino. George Gee; a diamond necklace with several replicas; and theft.

"NICE GOINGS ON" (Strand). 8.30.—Leslie Hensonic farce with music; plus Robertson Hare, Zelma O'Neal, Sidney Fairbrother, and Marjorie Brooks.

"NYMPH ERRANT" (Adelphi). 8.30.—James Laver's novel, with music and decoration. Gertrude Lawrence.

"A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—James Bridie's clever play of heredity. Brilliant acting by well-cast company. Ernest Thesiger, Dorice Fordred, Robert Donat, Bruce Belfrage.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30.—Edmund Gwenn, excelling himself in, J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy. lets out his sinister secret in the third act

As they are generally regarded as Christmas entertainments rather than as plays, we have not included in our lists the following West End productions: "QUEEN OF HEARTS" (Lyceum); "TREASURE ISLAND" (Comedy: matinées); "WHAT HAPPENED TO GEORGE" (Wyndham's); "CHARLEY'S AUNT" (Gaiety); "BABES IN THE WOOD" (Scala); "TOAD OF TOAD HALL" (Royalty: matinées); "PETER PAN" (Palladium: matinées); "HANSEL AND GRETEL" (Cambridge). All are worth seeing.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"LADY FOR A DAY" (Coliseum).—May Robson and Warren Williams in a grown-up fairy-tale.

"I 'M NO ANGEL" (Carlton).—Mae West.

"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII." (Leicester Square Theatre).—Charles Laughton reveals the lighter side of history.

"LA MATERNELLE" (Academy).—Comedy and tragedy in a Paris nursery school.

"14 JUILLET" (Academy).—Revival of René Clair's satirical comedy.

"THUNDER OVER MEXICO" (Marble Arch Pavilion.)—Beauty and power in Eisenstein's American production.

"THE MASCOT" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—A clever fantasy with a "model" company.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"TURKEY TIME" (Capitol).—Ralph Lynn and Tom Walls in excellent fettle.

"THE BOWERY" (New Gallery).—Wallace Beery and George Raft bossing the Bowery.

"AUNT SALLY" (Tivoli).—Cicely Courtneidge as a cabaret star.

"VOLTAIRE" (Regal).—A typical George Arliss picture, finely staged.

"CLIMBING MOUNT EVEREST" (Polytechnic).—Chronicle of 1933 expedition.

"L'ORDONNANCE" (Rialto).—Dignified dramatisation of a Guy de Maupassant story.

"EMIL AND THE DETECTIVES" (Cinema House).—The delightful German comedy of youthful adventures.

"CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (Empire).—Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore in a duel of greed *versus* loyalty.

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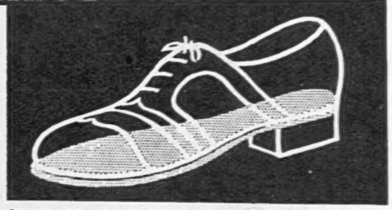

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I cannot resist the temptation to present pictorially, instead of mythically, one or two aspects of that incredible clash of Roman steel on British flint which was to light such a candle that we live in its rays to-day; that clash whose heat was to fuse the Celtic and the Latin elements into that mystical compound which to-day rules half the world.

To-day one may see relics of that high civilisation of antiquity: the mosaics of St. Albans; the thermal springs of our spas; half the words in our very dictionaries—but what witness, save for a few dusty flints, remains of the Holy War waged by Ancient Britain against the invader? What token endures of the obstinate valour which gave Julius Cæsar, heading the undefeated legions of soon-to-be-imperial Rome, more food for military thought than even his colossal capacity could gladly relish?

But the victors themselves have left enough material to enable me to reconstruct an accurate close-up of those insuperably spirited warriors called by the culture of the Mediterranean *barbari* —those whose tongue sounded, to ears attuned to the cadence of the sonorous periods of the Classics, a mere babel of Bar-Bar-Bar— barbarians.

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